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The Week

NOW that the Federal Trade Commission has adjourned for the summer the hearings into the practices of the utility companies, we have on record much startling evidence of their attempts to influence opinion, especially in the schools, but nothing as yet on the centrally important subjects of their financial practice in mergers, their immense profits, and the failures and insufficiency of present regulation. It is safe to say that had the investigation been conducted by a committee of the Senate, some of these matters would already have been brought up as well, and all the material would have received far more publicity. It is quite obvious how the utilities' plea that the investigation should not be "political" is saving them embarrassment in the campaign—at least until autumn. The pressure on the candidates to deal with this major issue is much less than it otherwise might have been. Meanwhile Mr. Newcomb, speaking for the utilities, praises his clients for having coöperated with the Commission in furnishing evidence, instead of contesting its authority. But to contest its authority after having insisted that the Commission was the proper agency for the inquiry would have been entirely too transparent. Mr. Newcomb also attempts to justify the wholesale suborning of teachers and textbooks by pointing out that the League for Industrial Democracy, which favors public ownership, had a representative who visited and spoke at about 100 colleges. Nobody would object if the utilities spent a few thousand dollars sending a spokesman, recognized as their man, about the country to present their point of view to meetings of students. The assessing of arguments is a prime function of education. But to insinuate disguised propaganda into textbooks, and to retain teachers and professors, is to steal the authority of the schools themselves.

NO aspect of the investigation has been more serious than this one, dealing with the college professors. We have been shown man after man secretly on the utilities' payroll, lecturing to classes and making speeches before miscellaneous audiences on the question of public vs. private ownership, supposedly from an impartial and expert point of view but in reality hired to paint a false, distorted picture. We have seen them abjectly consenting to have their textbooks rewritten to suit the ideas of the gas and electricity organizations. We find the utilities' expert propagandists, at their own secret meetings, contemptuously recommending that members of college faculties be bought off wholesale, and setting a price of a few hundred dollars per man per annum as being adequate. We see the professors hired to make "surveys" of the textbooks written by their colleagues, so that the utilities may know just where to bring their strongest pressure to bear. We find them sent on joyrides to Europe as a reward for faithful service.

SO FAR as we can learn, no action has been taken against these men by the institutions by which they are employed. If anyone of them has been dismissed or otherwise disciplined for this gravely unethical conduct, we have not heard of it. Universities which are quick to rid themselves of instruct-

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ors guilty of radical utterance, even when there is no suggestion of outside influence upon them, appear to accept with complacency a condition which can only be described as bribery. By their actions, the men who have taken public utility money have brought the good faith of the whole teaching profession under question. Whether their own institutions act or not, there can be no question as to the desirability of an investigation and disciplinary measures by some such body as the American Association of University Professors.

A RECENT analysis by David Lawrence of the possibilities of victory for Smith in the election reveals that if he carries the solid South, New York and Rhode Island, and the states in which the combined Davis-LaFollette vote in 1924 was greater than the Coolidge vote, he will have a majority of the Presidential electors. The states of the solid South are normally so firmly Democratic that it is difficult to believe Smith will lose enough votes there on account of dry and religious opposition to shift any of them into the Republican column. In New York his personal popularity will be his greatest asset, and his position in favor of modification of the Volstead law ought to help him there and in wet Rhode Island as well. Throughout the rest of the country he will doubtless receive the Davis vote, which may be counted upon as a minimum party stand-by. There remain, then the progressives—farmers, wage-earners and others who voted for LaFollette in 1924—as the decisive voters in the election. Surely this theory is as good as any other, and ought to lead to courage on the progressive issues, the measures favored by the aggressive workers and farmers, which Smith would naturally be expected to espouse. It would be an extremely healthy thing for the country if rivalry for this vote should lead both Smith and Hoover to discuss penetratingly the important economic issues. So far, the Hoover managers have headed squarely in the opposite direction. Smith's telegram to the Indiana farm convention indicates, however, that at least on farm relief he will take a firm and advanced ground.

HINTS of further increase in the rediscount rates of the Reserve Banks show that the banking authorities have not been wholly successful in decreasing the amount of credit employed for speculative purposes on the stock market. Their whole course of action for the past few months has been to attempt to stem the tide of credit inflation, which threatened so to enlarge the volume of loans in relation to reserves as to bring in its train high commerical rates and a deflation injurious to business. But their efforts have, so far, been only partially successful. Another increase of the rediscount rate, however, would have the disadvantage that it would tend to tighten credit unduly for legitimate business as well as for stock speculation, thus bringing about, in part, the very situation which the Reserve authorities have been trying to avoid. The ultimate outcome may be, nevertheless, that credit will have to be withdrawn all around in order to protect the reserves. Then the country will pay indeed for its orgy of speculation. And it may justly blame all those—including Secretaries Mellon and Hoover and President Coolidge himself—who, while the speculative fever was at its height, issued optimistic statements and helped to aggravate the disease.

THE cotton mill-owners of New Bedford received an unpleasant surprise when, after announcing that they would reopen their mills and offering to strikers who should wish to return the protection not only of the police but of national guardsmen called in for the purpose, the men and women who have for so many weeks been protesting against a wage reduction stood fast and left the mills empty. For all the signs go to show that up to the date of this failure to induce the strikers to surrender, all had gone nicely according to the calculations of the owners. The production of the fine cotton goods which the 28 New Bedford companies make was greater in 1927 than in any previous year, not excepting 1920 and 1922, when stock dividends as high as 200 percent and cash dividends as high as 26 percent were paid. The market became flooded. In January of this year the manufacturers decided to cut production 20 percent until October. Yet in February the output was greater than for any previous February. Early in April, without negotiation or warning, notices of the 10 percent wage cut were posted in the mills. The inference is almost inescapable that the employers thus deliberately precipitated the strike in order to throw upon the 30,000 workers the responsibility and loss for a curtailment of production which the manufacturers themselves had been unable to effectuate. We hope that a continued resistance of the workers will enable them to avoid paying some of this loss, and will render the device costly enough to the employers so that they will not be tempted to repeat it. After this experience, too, there will be some thousand votes in Massachusetts not to be deceived by Republican tariff buncombe.

ON July 27, Tom Mooney will have completed eleven years of the life sentence given him because of his alleged complicity in the bomb explosion at the San Francisco Preparedness Day parade, July 22, 1916, which killed ten persons and wounded forty more. (He was first condemned to death, and his sentence commuted to life imprisonment only after the strongest possible urging by President Wilson, at the height of the War.) Advantage will be taken of the anniversary to begin a new effort to obtain for him, and for William K. Billings, sentenced with him, the justice they have never yet received. Probably most readers of the New Republic now know that the testimony on which these

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men were convicted has been proved to be false. Frank C. Oxman, star witness against them, was a perjurer, who was not even in San Francisco the day of the parade, but was hired to come and recite on the witness stand a mass of falsehoods prepared for him by the police. Equally false was the testimony of the other chief witnesses, John McDonald, a thief, Estelle Smith, a prostitute, and four other persons. Since the hysteria of the time has somewhat died away, the trial judge, the district attorney, three assistant district attorneys, the foreman of the jury and eight of the other nine living jurors have united in asking a pardon to make possible a new trial on a fresh indictment, with its certain result of a verdict of "not guilty." However, successive governors of California for eleven years have lacked the courage to act on behalf of a man who, while obviously not guilty of the crime for which he was imprisoned, was, after all, a well known radical, and therefore, by California standards of the time, not entitled to the customary safeguards of Anglo-Saxon justice.

THE new German Chancellor, Herr Mueller, has appealed to France for at least a partial evacuation of the Rhineland, including at least the second, or Coblenz zone, to take place immediately instead of a year hence as provided by the treaty terms. Even the French, except the intransigent Nationalists who are deaf to every appeal, must admit the cogency of his argument. The recent elections in Germany greatly strengthened the hands of the moderate and conciliatory elements. Germany is a member of the League, and a signator of Locarno. She has accepted the Kellogg proposal for the outlawry of war without a single reservation. The pretence that Germany is secretly arming, and is training a great army somewhere underground, has been so effectively riddled that even the official French propagandists no longer dare bring it forward. World public opinion today is such that France would not dare use her troops to insure the collection of reparations. The military occupation is costly for both nations, and is a daily humiliation for Germany which helps to keep alive the passions of wartime.

THE text has just been made public of the model traffic ordinance referred to in an article elsewhere in this issue. This ordinance, intended for use throughout the United States, has been written by an eminent committee of experts, appointed a year ago under the auspices of the Department of Commerce. Everyone knows how much delay and confusion is caused by the lack of uniformity in traffic rules from town to town and state to state; and many communities, moreover, have adopted ordinances which the general experience shows to be unwise. The new model statute ought to be an important factor in remedying both these conditions. Among its more important provisions are these:

Three-color light control is recommended: green, red, and amber for the interval between the other two. Whether two or three colors are used, it is urged that the meaning of each light be uniform in all cities.

No "sneak turns" (around a corner, starting against the light) are permitted.

Cars turning left should make a square corner, unless special marks on the pavement indicate that they are permitted to cut across.

The pedestrian has the right of way at all street intersections, and the automobile elsewhere.

It is advised that pedestrians should not be required to obey traffic signals unless the city has prepared them to do so by a careful preliminary campaign of education. Alternative sections of the ordinance are given, forbidding and permitting pedestrians to ignore the signals.

Passing a standing street car is prohibited, except at points where safety zones have been established. It is urged that these should be marked with something more substantial than lines on the pavement.

Reverse turns (from the west to the west, etc.) are prohibited at corners where traffic is controlled. An optional section permits them in the center of the block, except in congested business districts and on through streets in residential regions. It is recommended that vehicles approaching a through street shall come to a complete stop before entering or crossing.

THE experience of the Pullman Porters seems to show that under the Howell-Barkley amendment to the Transportation Act, an organization of labor on the railroads must be competent to conduct a successful strike before its grievances will be considered. Unrecognized by the Pullman Company, which has a company union of its own, the Porters have failed to establish a standing by appeal to the mediation board or any other authority. One plan for a strike was abandoned, but now the union is planning again to walk out. It is their only recourse; they are forced to it by the autocratic and deceitful tactics of the employer.

Off to a Bad Start

DR. HUBERT WORK, having resigned as Secretary of the Interior and been appointed Chairman of the Republican National Committee, has taken off his coat and gone to work, his first act being to issue a series of statements about the nature of the campaign. The chief Republican issue, he avers, is to be the tariff, and the party will insist that it is indissolubly linked with prosperity. Whatever the farmers may pretend to believe, they are actually well off, and only the G. O. P. can be relied upon to keep them so. Prohibition is not an issue, being merely a local matter, and it will not be allowed to enter the campaign. The same thing is true of "the religious question," which is a polite way of referring to the Catholicism of Governor Smith.

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Detailed comment on these statements is hardly necessary. The Democrats have done all they could to take the tariff out of politics, by adopting a platform on which, as our Washington correspondent points out this week, any old-fashioned Republican could run and be perfectly happy. And in any case, the tariff is the most battered of the old Republican drums, which is dragged out and thumped whenever there is nothing else to talk about, or the other themes are those which might embarrass the G. O. P. Whether or not the Democrats plan revision downward, the attempt is made to frighten all the small business men into believing that they are in imminent peril and that only another Republican regime can save them. As for prosperity, all economists now know that the proportion of good times and bad under Republican and Democratic administrations has been precisely the same, in the past fifty years. That knowledge eventually will seep through to the voters, and it remains to be proved that it has not done so already. "Republican prosperity" is at present only doubtfully prosperous and certainly not Republican. As for prohibition, what Dr. Work says is simply not true, either theoretically or practically. It is the livest issue in American political life today, and no power on earth can prevent it from playing an important part, probably the most important part, in the national election. There is good ground for the argument that a man's religion ought not to be used against his candidacy for office; but Dr. Work knows very well that the question will be raised, and that his own party is counting on it to turn millions of votes away from Governor Smith.

What are the mental processes which lie behind such statements as Dr. Work has made, statements so utterly at variance with the facts? If you assume that he really believes his own words, you assume a degree of stupidity which seems quite incompatible with his past career. If you assume that he does not believe them, you must take for granted an extraordinary degree of cynical contempt for the public intelligence. You must then picture Dr. Work as saying to himself, or perhaps agreeing with Mr. Hoover and with the party's expert strategy board, that "on all the real issues before the country, the Republican party is hopelessly divided. Therefore the thing to do is to suppress genuine discussion to the greatest possible extent, and try to crash through to success on the basis of new falsehoods and old platitudes." From the standpoint of "victory at any cost," these may be wise tactics. It may be true that the rank and file of the voters do not want their prejudices disturbed, and prefer to vote on a basis of the old familiar shibboleths, no matter how false these have come to be. Such an argument, and such campaigning, might be expected from the cheapest professional politicians, in either party. But it comes ill from the close friend of Herbert Hoover, and the man chosen by him personally to conduct his campaign. Mr. Hoover's one great appeal to the electorate, as we have repeatedly been told, is his record, and his personal attributes, as an engineer. The brightest star in the heavens of engineering practice is to tell the truth, whether it is popular or not. There is no possibility of reconciling Dr. Work's statements with this ideal.

The New Republic has previously commented on the low quality of some of the men with whom Mr. Hoover has surrounded himself for the purposes of this campaign. Several of his closest advisers have been persons formerly in close association with the "Ohio Gang," of Harding's days; and even among those who are not, several are individuals who will certainly inspire no confidence among the independent progressive voters whose votes Mr. Hoover hopes to get. Dr. Work, by his remarks, seems to be doing his best to boot the progressives down the front steps; and Senator Moses, who is to have the important post of Eastern campaign manager, has of recent years exhibited himself as increasingly reactionary.

The theory has been advanced that Mr. Hoover realizes he was betrayed in 1920 by incompetent amateurs among his personal friends, and made up his mind not to repeat this error. We have been given to understand that he was thoroughly aware how undesirable are some of these men, and has associated himself with them for purposes of the campaign only. Once he is elected, according to the theory, he will become the old Hoover once more, fearless, accurate and "non-political." This pleasant explanation of an unpleasant situation is beginning, unfortunately, to wear a little thin. The extraordinary Dr. Work, for instance, will certainly expect an important award for his efforts. He has given up one Cabinet position in order to aid Mr. Hoover; if he comes back into the official family after the election, assuredly it will not be as Secretary of the Interior. Rewards will also be expected by Senator Moses, George B. Lockwood, Rush Holland, Boss Vare and the rest; Mr. Hoover may find himself with such heavy political liabilities that he will never get free from his alliances, no matter how much he may dislike them. And in the meantime, he will have to make his campaign against an able and aggressive opponent, who is sure not to overlook Dr. Work's absurdities, but on the contrary, will make effective use of them. It is beginning to look as though Mr. Hoover's selection of his lieutenants, instead of being a break with his old political amateurishness as is said, is rather the demonstration of an unhappy faculty for letting the wrong men join the crew of his ship, from the first mate down to the deckhands. We wait hopefully for him to demonstrate that this view of him is an unjust one, by taking the campaign away from Dr. Work and everyone else, as Al Smith is sure to take it away from his own associates, and by making the fight along the lines which the country has been taught to associate with his name.

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A Proposed Order for Coal

BOTH Democratic and Republican platforms agree substantially that something is basically wrong with the soft coal industry, and that something should be done for it which will be equally fair to labor, consumers and operators. Neither party seems to have the faintest hint of what that something is. It may, therefore, be providential that just at this juncture there comes from the press of Macmillan, for the Institute of Economics in Washington, a book on "A Way of Order for Bituminous Coal," by Walter H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright, whose competence to suggest a remedy is attested by the fact that they are economists who have previously presented us with the shrewdest analysis which has been made of the causes which underlie the coal disease, in "The Case of Bituminous Coal."

We hasten to add, before going further, that though this is obviously the best proposal yet made for the coal industry, it will not be endorsed, even if it is noticed, by the politicians of either party, and that it will fail to engage support, and may call forth vigorous denunciation, from the operators and miners. Yet it is worth the attention and study of all interested in the subject, because some day we may get around to doing something like this.

It will be remembered that among the main troubles of the industry are chronic overproduction, low prices, and unemployment, interrupted by occasional shortages of supply and high prices; confusion and waste in the supplying of the consumer with coal of adequate quality at a fair price (without discrimination) for the quality purchased; and constant labor trouble, accompanied by all sorts of injustices, infractions of civil rights and civil peace —the creation of a condition under which wholesome democratic citizenship is impossible. In their previous book the authors demonstrated why the action of unrestricted competition in the industry had not reduced the over-capacity and solved its other problems. They showed why the competitive stimulus to greater productive efficiency—relied upon by Mr. Hoover, the mine-workers and the operators at the time of the ill-fated Jacksonville agreement—merely increases the aggregate overproduction and fails to eliminate permanently the less efficient works. They now go on to demonstrate the inappropriateness, or the inadequacy, of many of the piecemeal remedies that have been suggested—such as complete unionizaton, or complete private monopoly, or adjustment of the freight-rate structure, or unemployment insurance. Some of these contain helpful suggestions, others involve objections as weighty as the aid they promise. But to make use of any and all possible instruments for reshaping the industry there must be devised a comprehensive way of control, having in view the many concrete complications of the task.

Commission regulation is, of course, the easiest to suggest, because it is familiar in other connections—as with the railroads. But the authors call attention to the fact that the coal problem is peculiar to itself, and most unlike that of railways and utilities. The function of a coal regulating commission would not be to check a semi-monopolistic or monopolistic industry, but to deflate and organize an over-competitive one—or rather to fix the conditions under which competition and private initiative might do so. To this end it would have to set up and enforce minimum standards of wages and working conditions, minimum standards of efficiency, standards of product, and other minima to heighten the plane on which competition is to proceed to eliminate the less fit. It would then have to make sure that those once eliminated would stay so, rather than coming back in the guise of reorganized concerns, with reduced capital obligations. These tasks would be difficult and intricate, and would, moreoever, go contrary to the grain of nearly all concerned. The measure of the Commission's success would be the number of bankruptcies which its devices brought about; it would have to contend against a growing tide of unpopularity. Its control would be external, for the most part negative, and after the event. It might do something, but on the whole the authors believe that something better might be devised.

The device they have elaborated, after careful inspection of all other proposals, is a merger of the industry in corporate form. The present property interest in the industry they would compensate, but exclude from control, much in the manner of bankers who now reorganize concerns which are in difficulties. For the equities of the owners, as well as of the bondholders, the new corporation would offer debentures bearing a moderate and fixed rate of interest. These equities would have to be valued in such a way as not to impose an impossible burden on the industry; in their valuation the certainty of return would have to be weighed against the risk of loss in present ownership. The control of the corporation would be vested in a new issue of common stock which would not earn dividends, and which would be apportioned evenly to the consumers on one hand and the workers on the other —these two groups having the most direct interest in an efficiently operating industry. The consumers, being for the most part large industrial and utility concerns, could easily be organized for the election of their half of the directors, and labor is already partly organized. The technicians would be represented on the board of directors with a "voice," but would have no votes. The board of directors would elect a president from outside their number, who, as the choice of both of the chief parties, would be the executive head.

The function of the corporation would be, of course, to determine the major policies of the industry, leaving the management of local affairs largely in the hands of local districts, each small

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enough to be covered from a single central office. It would do positively the sort of things that a regulating commission would try to do negatively. It would unite the interests of the users and producers of coal in an orderly industry, and at the same time adjust their divergent interests as to prices and wages. The authors even go so far as to call it a device to permit the institution of *laissez-faire* to operate as those who first praised it thought it would operate. It would organize the self-interest of all concerned, and give them the power and the knowledge with which to achieve their satisfactions, without direction from a super-body such as the state.

The state, however, would have to intervene in order to set up the corporation as a going concern. The corporation would have to have a federal charter. It would have to be given power to choose and acquire, by compulsion if necessary, the properties it wanted to buy, and to prevent others from competing with it (permitting the continued operation, however, of such "captive" mines as are now owned by consumers). Arrangements would have to be made for the proper valuation of the properties to be bought, by a preliminary body which would set up the corporation and arrange for its first elections. The debentures of the corporation would have to be guaranteed by the government, which would have the power to tax the industry in order to make good on them, in case it should ever default. And after the corporation became a going concern, the government would have a continuous statistical and advisory agency, watching and publishing the facts of its performance, and recommending policy in behalf of the public.

The authors make out a very good case, indeed, for the merger, as an essential first step toward a solution of coal problems—one which would doubtless have its defects, but one which would fit into the picture of our ways of doing things, and would have a chance of improving the administration of coal. They recognize, of course, that towering difficulties of interest, habit of thought and constitutional law stand in the way. But they maintain that similar difficulties obstruct any device that contains serious prospect of comprehensive improvement. They admit that someone may devise a better plan. The field is open. Meanwhile, this model to scale is set up as a contribution to the discussion.

Traffic Control

EVERY twenty minutes, on the average, day and night, every day in the year, someone is killed by an automobile in the United States. More than 25,000 will almost certainly die this way during 1928, and the total is growing faster than is the population. The number more or less seriously injured is not known, but it is many times greater still.

Much of the toll, though of course not all of it, is the result of congestion on our streets and highways. While this slaughter is the worst result, it is not the only one. The monetary loss due to what may be called abnormal delay is tremendous. Though no one can say accurately how much it amounts to, Dr. Miller McClintock, of the Erskine Bureau of Street Traffic Research at Harvard University, and one of the country's leading authorities on the subject, regards as not unreasonable the estimate that in Chicago it runs to $600,000 a day, and in New York to $1,000,000. When you realize the capital invested in many thousands of vehicles, the wages of drivers, the cost of gasoline and oil consumed when traffic is halted but engines are kept running, such statements do not seem exaggerated. A careful study, made under Dr. McClintock's direction, of the delays to passenger traffic of all kinds entering the business district of Boston, which placed a low estimate on the value of the average person's time, found the waste because of congestion to be $25,000,000 a year for that city. On the same basis, New York's annual bill for the two items—cost to passengers and cost to owners of vehicles—can hardly be less than half a billion dollars annually.

There are other factors of almost equal importance. In the past, merchants have always assumed that the greater the volume of traffic past their place of business, the better for them; but this rule no longer holds. In some cities today the difficulty of getting to the center of town, and of finding a place to park when you get there—if you are permitted to park at all, which is increasingly unlikely—is resulting in what the traffic experts call "forced decentralization," which builds up local small centers on the periphery of the community at the expense of the hub. Decentralization is on the whole a good thing; it is one of the strongest weapons with which to end this and other evils of urban growth; but decentralization ought to come as the result of careful planning and not as a by-product of the sudden saturation of "down-town" traffic, resulting in the hasty skyrocketing of suburban real-estate prices and the fixing, perhaps for all time, of undesirable conditions. In some cities, moreover, such as New York, the traffic blockade is so serious that the authorities look forward with apprehension to a not-distant day when it may become really unendurable. They wonder how, in the future, fire-engines, ambulances and patrol-wagons are to get through.

Most of this, of course, is an old story, and every community in the country is already wrestling with the question in some degree. Signal lights have been installed, special policemen employed, booksful of rules written, streets covered with painted lines to indicate where one must stop or turn or not stop or turn. Some cities, such as Los Angeles, are spending huge sums to depress one street under the other at the busiest crossings, so

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that travel on both may be continuous. In many towns, the system for control has been developed beyond the necessities of the situation; every community feels it must have an elaborate scheme, just as it must have a ten-story building, for prestige only. Even where the systems are needed, they often tend to be too rigid. Police officers forget that the regulations are made for traffic and not traffic for the regulations. Despite all that has been accomplished in recent years, however, it is likely that we are only at the beginning of the era of traffic control. It is not necessary to go into the details here, but a few of the chief policies which must be adopted in the fairly near future, according to the best authorities in the field, may be summarized.

Pedestrians, it is agreed, must be forced to cross streets only at the corners, and under control of a signal system like that which applies to automobiles. The general belief that this cannot be done is refuted by the experience of several cities, where systems of this sort are in successful operation.

Parking in congested areas must be abolished. In Chicago, this has been done by a flat police rule to that effect in the "Loop," an experiment which is still too young to serve as a reliable guide. In every city the problem will be helped greatly by the establishment of downtown garages in which to store cars during the day. In Detroit, Boston and elsewhere, new sky-scrapers are being built which will provide parking space for tenants' cars. Generally, multi-story storage garages are being built in or near the main shopping district. A New York department store some time ago began to take over its clients' cars at the front door, issuing checks for them, putting them in a nearby garage, and delivering them again to the front door on a telephoned request.

Twenty-four-hour use of the streets is highly desirable. Many trucking operations are now performed during the day which might better be done at night, when decreased traffic and relaxed police rules would save much expense.

Uniform traffic rules throughout the country are necessary, with, of course, exceptions for some peculiar local conditions. Particularly is it necessary that drivers' hand signals should be the same, instead of differing widely from state to state as is now the case. The Department of Commerce, in coöperation with a committee of the National Engineering Conference, has just worked out a model code, intended to be put into effect on a national scale.

It is clear that not only should the best inter-city routes be marked, but that cars going from any part of a city to any other part should proceed according to routes carefully laid out by engineers and clearly indicated by street signs. Just as the main highways of the future will go past towns, but not through them, so any car traveling, say, from the southeast part of a city to the northwest, should use a bypass which will prevent its traversing the most congested district.

The Sunday newspapers, when they run out of queer insects and Babylonian discoveries as material for sensations, are fond of giving us visions of "the city of the future," showing streets four or five layers deep, with each story devoted to one special type of traffic—street-cars, pedestrians, trucks and passenger automobiles. While it is, of course, not impossible that some such development may be seen, there is no valid evidence that it will. What New York is painfully learning in regard to subways is equally true of other forms of traffic: that congestion is not relieved by creating new facilities which parallel the old ones. Such devices simply make it possible to have worse congestion than ever, at the center; new roadways fill up as soon as they are opened. Decentralization is the only effective remedy. The day is probably not far distant when regional planning boards will submit recommendations to legislatures for enactment into law, limiting the number of persons who may occupy each acre of land, either for business or residential purposes.

But even such regulations would not solve the traffic question in its entirety. It is a rural as well as an urban problem. The first great result of the automobile has been to reduce the former difference between city and country. The peaks and valleys of the population chart are being leveled off, a movement which is bringing with it a perplexing new group of problems for the sociologist. Traffic on a trunk-line highway may be a serious matter even many miles from the nearest large town. The mere cost of building and repairing these highways, and of maintaining adequate control of the movement of cars, presents new financial questions of increasing severity.

It should be strongly emphasized that traffic control is not a matter which can safely be left in the hands of the police department. Its problems are now such that they can only be solved properly by engineers with ample theoretical training and practical experience. The two objectives of regulation—safety and speed—are incompatible, and finding the proper balance between them is an extraordinarily difficult task. Decisions must be made in the near future which will have far-reaching consequences, and it is therefore more than ever important that they should be made well.

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Making Mexico Over

IT MUST be obvious, even to those who have paid little attention to the turbulence that has surged over the Republic of Mexico during the last seventeen years, that the revolution is still in process. There is no reason to assume that the irregular outbursts of violence which have characterized the movement have now come to an end; that the passions stirred by a profound social conflict have finally been satiated, or that the contending groups will now accept the imprint of the upheaval without again attempting to turn the page backward. It may possibly prove that the most recent rebellion, suppressed with unprecedented speed and sternness, will be the last, and as a matter of fact there are many evidences of a desire for peace on the part of the Mexican people. But even such a peace, were it to come now, would not mean that the revolution had terminated. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that, even if the fighting be over, then the aspirations that underlie the struggle will first really be given their full legal form and social status. The revolution, whether violent or peaceful, is still on, and in the nature of the case must continue for a considerable period.

I

The outcome of the last seventeen years is best indicated in the influence upon the rural community. The change in the position of the agricultural laborer is the most obvious as well as the most important result of the revolution. This change expressed itself in the abolition of an age-old serfdom that tied one-half of the total rural population of Mexico to the soil. The achievement is of such magnitude that all other results are secondary.

Before the revolution of 1910, approximately one-half of the total rural population, some seven million people, were tied to the soil by a system of peonage. In fact, if not in law, this peonage was equivalent to slavery. It was for the resident agricultural worker a life-long bondage. He either inherited his debt from a dead relative, or was made responsible for a debt which his parents acquired in his name as soon as he could make himself useful about the plantation. The youthful laborer on the *hacienda* had a debt fastened upon him, which, as he grew to manhood, accumulated with the years. His wage, which as late as 1910 was estimated at about twenty-five *centavos* a day (twelve and one-half cents in American money), was generally paid in kind. Cash for the little luxuries, for trinkets, feasts, holidays and rejoicings, was had by borrowing from the owner of the plantation, until he found himself under a burden that he neither could nor was expected to pay. If he desired to leave the *hacienda,* he had to find someone to assume his debt and accept his labor in return. In one form or another, this system was typical of the *hacienda* throughout Mexico. It prevailed from Yucatan to Sonora. This system was mainly effective for the resident (*acasillados*) population upon the *hacienda,* and approximately seven million people in the Republic were denied free movement from the plantations to which they were indebted. Under the Diaz regime, the lands of the villages were persistently reduced in area, and this tended to increase the population located upon the *haciendas,* as well as to increase the proportion of the total population subjected to servitude.

Legally, of course, there was no slavery in Mexico, and Mexicans pride themselves upon the fact that they abolished slavery as far back as 1810. One could, in fact, point to a repeated abolition of slavery nearly every twenty years since Mexico won its independence from Spain. Forced servitude, however, in the absence of the liquidation of debt, was a characteristic feature of all resident labor upon the *haciendas* of the Republic.

That system has now disappeared. There is at present no place in the Republic, not even in its remotest corners (with the possible exception of the lumber camps of Chiapas and Tabasco, and even there its existence is doubtful), where men are kept tied to the soil against their will. Freedom of movement, the right to take one's family and go from one place to another, to go from a *hacienda* to a village, from one plantation to another, or from one state to another, is now established.

The Constitution of 1917 abolished the debt system by providing that "All debts contracted by working men on account of work up to date of this constitution with masters, their subordinates and agents are hereby declared wholly and entirely discharged." This marks an epoch in the social and political history of the Republic of Mexico. It may well be compared with the emancipation of the Negro in the United States, except that the freed serfs represent a larger number of human beings and relatively a very much greater proportion of the total population of Mexico than the Negro represented when slavery was abolished in the United States. This system was not only subject to abuse, but also, in denying personal freedom, prevented the growth of a body of free citizens, without which democracy is impossible.

II

While it is probably true that this securing of freedom by so large a portion of the Mexican population must be counted as the major single out-

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come of the revolution to date, there are others which, though less dramatic, are perhaps equally significant for the future of Mexico. From a certain point of view, the economic history of Mexico since the Spanish conquest may be written as the story of a struggle between the plantation and the communal village. The Mexican rural village is generally a little community of some hundreds of Indians owning their lands in common, working them under traditional communal arrangements and in possession of them for hundreds of years, in many instances having no title excepting the fact of cultivation reaching back beyond the memories of even their oldest members. This village has from the beginning carried on a struggle against absorption and extermination by the large estates. In spite of the fact that the Spanish colonial legislation tended to favor and protect the small Indian community, the tide has run against the village. With the independence of Mexico, and later as a result of the constitution of 1857, the communal village was left without any legal status. Under the Diaz regime, the attack upon the Indian community became almost a raid. The revolution of 1910 was, from one point of view, a rebellion on the part of those Indians who still retained some village lands and were being driven from them. The Indians who had retained their villages were the ones who provided the leaders and supplied the contingents of the recent rebellion.

If one remembers that even at this day approximately 75 percent of all communities in Mexico are located upon private estates, and that in some of the states the proportion will be as high as 90 percent of the total inhabited places, the changes involved must be recognized as fundamental. Looked at as a problem of democracy versus feudalism, as a problem of free communities versus those lacking municipal organization, the change which is taking place is basic. It must be clear that democratic government in a country where the local communities were, to so large an extent, located upon plantations would be a difficult, perhaps an impossible matter. Next to the abolition of serfdom for one-half of the total rural population of the Republic, the revival of the small agricultural village is the second basic outcome of the revolution.

III

Attempts at comparative evaluation of the changes wrought by the revolution are at best a dubious undertaking, for values differ for various purposes and points of view. For some people the important change is the racial reawakening, or, as they would say, the changes produced by the racial awakening.

It is more difficult to describe this change than those that have been previously noted. No statistical measure of it is possible. The changes are subtle differences in attitude, in program, in tone. They can be pointed to as underlying forces in the distribution of land to villages so largely Indian, in the educational system designed to incorporate the Indian into the larger community, in the percentage of effective leadership that is fully or largely Indian. But all of these together do not tell the tale. The Indian leadership of contemporary Mexico is spiritual rather than military or political.

What is significant is not so much that the important leaders of the Republic are Indians or half-Indians, as that the school children of the Republic are singing Indian folk-songs—something they did not do before—that the artists, the great artists, of Mexico, like Rivera, Orozco, Pacheco, are painting the Mexican Indian as he is and glorying in him. It is significant that for the first time the intellectual in Mexico has discovered that Mexico has a popular art: music, pottery, dance, dress, a native social organization. The Mexican of today can speak with scorn of the "insolent European prejudice of the superiority of the white race," can talk about *Indianismo* as the keynote of Mexican nationalism. It is interesting that nationalism in contemporary Mexico is fundamentally racialism. Zapata was the great spiritual leader of the Mexican revolution, not only because he was indomitable and uncompromising and laid down his life for an ideal, but because he was the representative of a race that has come to life again and has made its imprint upon present-day Mexico in indelible characters. This is a strange and curious note to the outsider. It is an appeal to values and ideals leading back to the sense of color and form, the sculpture and architecture of Maya and Aztec civilization.

IV

Politically, this transition means the attempt to include the Mexican population as a whole in the political life of the country. It means an attempt to share the benefits, responsibilities, and the ideals of government with all the people in Mexico. It also means that Mexico is on its way to become a nation rather than a colony, first of Spaniards born in Spain and then of Spaniards born in Mexico. It seems to have become an accepted fact among Mexicans that if their country is ever to become a democratic nation it must cease being a colony, which means a strong emphasis on race.

The changing position of the Mexican Indian has contributed to change the political influence of the different economic groups. Power, up to 1910, rested in the hands of the large land-owners, of the foreign investors, of the army and the politicians. Basically, the large land-owner was the center of political power. He dominated the local, the state and the federal governments. The foreign investor, towards the end of the Diaz regime, was acquiring an ever-increasing influence. The army and the politicians were, after all, but instruments

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and servants of the former groups. The large land-owners were to a great extent foreigners, mostly Spaniards. The investor was almost exclusively foreign, the mines, the factories, the large commercial establishments, the retail trade even, were chiefly controlled by foreigners, and these, with the landlords, controlled the government.

There was no political party system. Constitutional government, elections, suffrage, judicial administration, were largely mere forms. In a country where the middle class was almost exclusively foreign, and the upper class racially distinct, to a very large extent, from the mass of the population, the people, that is, the Indians and *mestizos,* were excluded from the government and took no part in it. The country was dominated by a political tyranny masquerading under a democratic constitution. The revolution has taken the political power from the large land-owner and has stripped the foreign investor of much of his influence. It has placed the agricultural peasant and the city worker in the position formerly occupied by the large land-owner and the foreign investor. This has meant that the base of the support upon which the government rests has been widened. The change in the position of these groups has meant, amongst other things, a distribution of power and responsibility among a larger number of people than ever before in Mexican history. The revolution has had a democratic influence in the sense, at least, that more people have an interest in maintaining the government than formerly.

V

This shift in the groups that dominate the Republic of Mexico politically has carried with it a change in the conscious purpose of the government, if one can estimate this purpose from the general trend of activities the political groups display. It is clear that the chief ambition of the Mexican government under the Diaz regime was to give Mexico, as rapidly as possible, the benefits of modern industrialism. To bring Mexico abreast of the contemporary industrial nations was, to all appearances, the great aim of the government before the revolution. The emphasis was upon obtaining foreign investments: building railroads, ports, developing mines, increasing trade, producing, expanding. One ought to add that this industrialization was looked on not merely as a boon to the nation as a whole, but as the means of a future boon to individuals.

If, however, one were to ask the present controlling groups in Mexico for an expression of their purpose, they would perhaps answer as General Calles did: "to raise the standard of living of the mass of the Mexican population." The contemporary emphasis is upon well-being rather than upon wealth. It is clear that a large part of the measures that the revolution has put through are dominated by the purpose of benefiting the masses. Past governments and those since the revolution, including the present one, will, in the long run, be found to have done the same thing, encouraged industrialization. But the test tends to be a social test, whereas formerly it tended to be an individual one.

In so far as these underlying changes have found expression in legal and constitutional documents, they have been given form in the Constitution of 1917. The Constitution, which after all is a good and typical nineteenth-century political document, saturated with French, English and American theory and practice, has embodied in it two striking and uncommon articles, 27 and 123. The first of these gives to the aspirations of the agrarian group legal form and sanction, and provides a rather flexible formula for social limitation upon private real property; the second sets up a legislative base for safeguarding the industrial laborer.

The Mexican revolution has, therefore, amongst other things, fundamentally changed the political structure of the community. It has given freedom of movement to nearly one-half of its total population. It has rescued the self-governing village and increased its relative position in the community, insuring it a long lease of life; it has reversed the position of the Mexican Indian and stimulated a strong racial consciousness; it has shifted actual political power from the land-owner and foreign-investment group into the hands of the agricultural and industrial laborer; and finally, has tended to shape the point of view of the Mexican government toward social ends as it was never shaped before.

FRANK TANNENBAUM.

Game with a Child in a Dream

You found a thicket in the snow
For us to hide in, with a doe
Pale as frost or silver dew,
Not cold, and knowing what we knew.
Walking in a secret world
Of crystal morning, we saw curled
A frozen river round its edge
To hold the stillness—how our hedge
Grew odd ice roses, powdery flowers.
Noiselessly we played for hours
Until twin snow birds flew to nest
Within your hands; against your breast
You warmed a timid baby hare
Whiter and swifter, running there,
Than the blown drift it hurried from.
Now I saw that I had come
Through you into the dream-cool mind
Of children—that the brooding hind
Shaped your clear love—the feathered things
Your thoughts aimless as fledgling wings—
While in the small hare throbbing here
You comforted your own young fear.

JANET RAMSAY.

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The Stabilization of the Franc

ONE blames politicians, not for inconsistency, but for obstinacy. They are the interpreters, not the masters, of our fate. It is their job, in short, to register the *fait accompli*. In this spirit we all applaud M. Poincaré for not allowing himself to be hampered by a regard for consistency. After declaring for years that it would be an act of national bankruptcy and shame to devalue the franc, he has fixed it at about one-fifth of its pre-war gold-value, and has retorted with threats of resignation against anyone who would hinder him in so good a deed.

The figure finally chosen seems about right. There are high authorities in France who argue that one-sixth of pre-war (30 francs to the dollar) would be better and safer. But about one-fifth (25.5 francs to the dollar) has the great advantage of conforming to the rate which has actually existed for some eighteen months. None of the relevant statistics suggest that M. Poincaré has made the mistake of stabilizing at a figure which involves deflation. No lower value for the franc (in terms of gold) than that now chosen has ever existed except during the hectic twelve months from December, 1925, to November, 1926, when internal prices had no time to adjust themselves to the furious fluctuations of the exchanges. Moreover, the budget balances with the burden of the *rentes* on the taxpayer bearable at the present level. I see no sufficient reason, therefore, to choose a lower figure.

Is the value too low? For that is the line of criticism in France itself. There are two chief tests. Is it lower than the figure to which internal prices are adjusted? Does it demand too great a sacrifice from the *rentier*? The official index numbers, if taken at their face-value, suggest that prices are in line with a gold-value of the franc nearer to one-quarter (20 francs to the dollar) than to one-fifth of the pre-war value. But the French index numbers are very crude affairs subject to a wide margin of error, and the two and a half years which have elapsed since the franc was worth more than the figure now fixed is a fair time to allow for an adjustment of prices upward—a much quicker business than a downward adjustment can be. House-rents doubtless must rise, but it is probable that other prices will trend only a little upward if at all, compared with gold-prices abroad. As for the *rentier*, a very drastic capital levy having been brought about *de facto* and the awkward consequences surmounted, it is asking too much to undo gratuitously what is already done. Three other arguments, however, of a practical order are probably those which have convinced M. Poincaré. To choose a higher value for the franc might disturb the equilibrium of the budget which has been so painfully achieved. It would upset the industrialist exporters—who have their means of exerting political influence. And—most tangible of all—it would involve the Bank of France in a loss on the foreign exchange, said to amount to some $1,500,000,000, which, as an agent of the government, it has bought up at the present rate. To fix 20 francs to the dollar, for example, might cost the Bank of France $300,000,000, of which no mean proportion might accrue to foreigners. This is just the sort of argument which M. Poincaré and every other Frenchman is able to understand.

The deed, therefore, is done. Since it removes an element of uncertainty from the money markets and stock exchanges of the world, and since French importers and manufacturers need hesitate no longer, a good deal of purchasing power, which has been lying idle, may be returned to active employment. M. Poincaré has, therefore, done something—perhaps for the first time in his career—to make the rest of us feel more cheerful.

It is interesting to compare the several fortunes of France and Great Britain over the post-war period. In Great Britain our authorities have never talked such rubbish as their French colleagues or offended so grossly against all sound principles of finance. But Great Britain has come out of the transitional period with the weight of her war debt aggravated, her obligations to the United States unabated, and deflationary finance still in the ascendant; with the heavy burden of taxes appropriate to the former and a million unemployed as the outcome of the latter. France, on the other hand, has written down her internal war debt by four-fifths, and has persuaded her Allies to let her off more than half of her external debt; and now she is avoiding the sacrifices of deflation. Yet she has contrived to do this without the slightest loss of reputation for conservative finance and capitalist principles. The Bank of France emerges much stronger than the Bank of England; and everyone feels that France is the last stronghold of tenacious saving and the *rentier* mentality. Assuredly it does not pay to be good.

Perhaps we in England deserve what we have got. France has abandoned principle and consistency alike, but she has always refused sacrifices which were avoidable and has obeyed in the end the teachings of experience. But we have not submitted either to the warnings of theory or to the pressure of facts, obstinately obedient to conventions.

J. M. KEYNES.

London.

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Our Folk

The Re-Discovery of America: XVI

A PEOPLE is a loose organism, joined by earth and air, by ancestor and neighbor. It can divide without death, and even in an alien whole of earth and air and nurture, it can persist for a time. The peoples of Europe sent fragments of themselves across the sea. These fragments were disaffected, else they would not have gone; and their dissidence from the whole of Europe could only grow in the alien American world. Yet it is fair to say that the colonials were peoples of Europe.

When a people speaks of its spirit, it often uses the dubious word "race." "Race will tell, blood is thicker than water," etc., etc., are slogans to express the will of a people to incarnate its spirit, as if it were something absolute of the blood and of the physical structure. A people gladly forgets—more accurately, remains unconscious—that it is, like any animal, a product, contingent and shifting, of the life wherein it is immersed; that with this life it changes; that what it calls "race" is the focus of what sea and rain and foe and food have worked within its flesh. "Race," therefore, is an admirable word to express the separatistic self-consciousness of a people; its primitive desire to be autonomous and alone. However illusory, "race" is real enough. Like the illusory "self" of the child, it also holds much loveliness, much creativity, together with the naked lust for power. Like the sense of self in the child, the sense of "race" can grow into the true sense of the Whole. This consummation is a religious Culture; and few races have attained it. "Race," then, although itself an integration and an end, may be a beginning.

The precise tale of the decay of European peoples and of racial cultures in the first four American centuries has not been told. Perhaps, when it is, the era 1840-1860 will mark a turning. Until about that time, the inertial forces held from Europe. Traditional forms of thought and of behavior persevered, and made resistance against the nature of the American world. In American leaders, these "race" elements and this "race" resistance were plain. From Cotton to Calhoun, from Hooker to Jefferson, from Winthrop to Washington and Webster, racial strains of the old world fought and held against the inevitable doom. This is why men of foreign birth, like Hamilton and Paine, could be American leaders: and why leadership was hostile to the frontier where the death of Europe advanced more swiftly through the more urgent pressure of American conditions. Now comes the change. "Race" as continuity to be preserved is on the defensive, and gradually leadership in America turns race-destructive. The ideal impulse, for example, in Abolition is anti-racial. Slavery meant the hermetic sealing of an African people in the American world. At its deepest level, Abolition tried to say: Let the black race flow with the rest into the American chaos. "Leaves of Grass" went farther, for it preached the rise from this chaos of an American race. Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, were still members of European peoples, but all their doctrine was race-suicidal. Thoreau and Melville, like Whitman, moved toward an individual assertion that was bound to scatter the old racial Sections. Such leadership was still for the minority; these were not popular figures. The violent resistance to Abolition in the North cannot be explained on economic grounds; it was the passionate clairvoyance of "race" scenting a doctrine of destruction.

These same years marked the birth of the American folk. The folk is the stuff of a people; it is not a people, even as live plasm is not an animal. America begins to crystallize into folk ways; to put forth folk figures. The process is already plain in Andrew Jackson. Heretofore, the pioneer—atom released from the peoples of Europe—had not been admitted as the American ideal. Franklin, Sam Adams, Washington, Jefferson, were not pioneers. There was no worship of Daniel Boone in the seats of power. Jackson was not a pure folk figure. He was a county squire of England doubled with a pioneer. But the important thing about him was what the nascent folk made with him. In the glow of John Quincy Adams, "race" leadership was setting; and the folk, content heretofore to rule the dark frontier, now turned as in birth and stormed the open places. It took from Jackson what was like itself: for the first time the coonskin cap was an important fetish. And so great was this rise that the sea-board powers—the homes of "race" dominion—were forced to duplicate the folk appeal of Jackson: hence the apocrypha of Davy Crockett.

The "best voices," like the "best people," were still in the decorous tradition of the peoples of Europe. Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Brown, Simms and Legaré enjoyed more prestige than the radicals of Concord. Webster, Sumner, Everett and Calhoun, all of whom followed the leadership of Burke, held the eyes if not the mind of the land, with their sky-rocket finales to "race" dominion. Even when Lincoln was elected, the old order, personified in such survivors as Chase and Seward, thought to whip their brothers in the South—Lee,

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Jeff Davis, Alexander Stephens—without loss of their mutual race patrimony. They were wrong. In fighting each other, they fulfilled their own destruction. The Era of Instinct which their death ushered in, which Grant presided over and for which Greeley with his locomotor slogan "Go West, Young Man" supplied articulation, marked the birth of the American folk.

From now on, the fragments of old peoples, even newly arrived, die swiftly in America. We have no more Africans: not because of the miscegenation of slavery days, but because Africa—the whole that made the African—was gone. The child of the immigrant comes to be ashamed of his mother tongue, which links him with "race." Teuton, Slav, Latin, accept the myth of the melting-pot. The Jew adopts reform versions of his racial culture, that delete race—making Judaism a system of neutral morality and ethics.[1] The dominant "Nordics" subtly shift their values. They do not yet speak of an American race, but more and more they feel their apartness from the peoples of Britain.

What evidence is there that a new folk was born? It was an infant and its behavior was on an infant level: it fed itself and it spread itself. But surely, since men had settled on American shores, this had been the way of their lives? Now, there is a difference that marks the birth. Like adults, Americans had had other occupations beyond feeding and spreading: they had had ideals, programs, literature: they had had what their leaders gave them, and this had conformed with the old race-cultural traditions. The standards of men like Williams, Hooker, Penn gave to the pioneer a rationale beyond his nutritive act. Later came lords like Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Morris to captain the instinctive labor of the masses. There had been an old-world head to the new-world body: therefore, the body was not formed, the folk was not born. But with Grant, all this changed. The head, now, was on the level of the folk: the head was *of* the folk. Grant's faith in unscrupulous men of money was perhaps a symbol of the American folk's acceptance of life lived entirely in nutriment and expansion. Men like Fiske, Gould, Astor, Vanderbilt, the sachems of Tammany, Rockefeller, Harriman and Hill replaced the American masters. And they were of the stomach, of the limbs of the folk. In this folk, as in any infant, belly and hands were the rulers. Weavers of wealth and rails replaced weavers of rhetoric and theologic law. All that is commonly called "decadence" in the spiritual and intellectual life of the period of Reconstruction was the disappearance of our heritage from Europe—death of a long dying culture and birth of a cultureless folk. That is why this period should be called the Era of Instinct.

[1] In the case of the Jew, a similar condition existed in Western Europe, and similar adaptations by "reform" took place.

One does not expect a newborn folk to find full voice. There had been voices from another world—the transplanted world of Europe—to predict this birth; and prophets, creators of values for the folk to absorb when it came of age. But the folk's chief business was to discover its body, feed its flesh, solidify its bones. No wonder it ignored Whitman, misunderstood Poe, turned Emerson into an ornament. Captains of business best expressed it. In Mark Twain, it had the nearest approach to a folk literary figure. His very name, redolent of navigation on the Mississippi, places him. He was a product of the forces of expansion; and all his life he adored them. He was a friend of business men, he was close—too close—to their values. But there was conflict in him. Old cultural strains hungered for decorum and for spiritual beauty. He spent his career in a confusion between acceptance of the American folk epic and dismay at its results. He did not know enough to be a critic, nor see enough to be a satirist: "race" was too weak in him and folk too strong. In most of his books, this confusion made havoc. But in the tales about the River, the folk child moves free; and "Huckleberry Finn" is a pæan in praise of pure animal motion. This tale of a boy drifting with the Father of Waters, between shores that strew the relics of old worlds, is the first great tale of the American folk.

Fifty years—roughly, 1860 to 1910—enact the story of Huckleberry Finn. The folk child is wholly given up, from head to foot, to its physical career. The expansion of the West, the laying down of rails, the rise of Capital and Labor, the perfection of machines, the sensualization of politics, the haphazard self-indulgent arts—all are the adventures of a lusty folk adrift on the titanic Current.

Now, with the turn of the century, a new will grows evident: the folk is striving to become a people with that beginning consciousness of self, intense, homogeneous, separate, absolute, which we call "race." Beneath the shell of business, law and state, swarms our American Jungle. The motor runs smooth, the road runs smooth; but the five who speed along the concrete ribbon are in chaos. In each, the good, the right, beauty, pleasure, duty, comfort, service, and ambition are tangents of habit and desire knocking against each other. The constellation of these tangents in each breast flares against each other breast. This is chaos, and for men and women unbearable. Take this chaos of each family of five motoring so smoothly and so swift, multiply it by millions, clamp upon it the ironic order of our roads, our cars, our *Shell*—and you have the neurosis, the insanity, the crime, the torpor, the hardness, the despairing youth that underlie the rhetoric of the American nation. You will understand why the American folk hungers to be a people.

For a people gets along, being an integral rhythmic body. It is adjusted to its world, being a pat-

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tern of reflexes to the world's conditions. If America can make itself a homogeneous people, if it can adopt one set of habits to cog with its desire and to groove into the earth that feeds it—if it can be conscious of itself alone, believe in itself alone, it will not need to think; it can sleep. . . .

America's will to be this sort of elementary people devises many methods. Here are a few:

(1) Levelling in theory: 100 percent Americanism, Ku Klux Klanism, Colonialism. Social levelling: stamping out, segregation, subtle discouragement of dissident ethnic groups such as Indian, Negro, Latin, Slav and Jew.

(2) Levelling of the individual: Machine-worship, professional optimism, value placed in homogeneous behavior, stress laid on conformity, distrust of the original and creative in thought and art. Protection from this, by extolling what is superficially novel, elegant and reflective. Choice of heroes who are "like every day." Normalcy. Apotheosis of the rubber stamp and of the popular.

(3) Levelling of manners and custom by sumptuary laws. Prohibition, whose essential strength is not its attitude toward alcohol, but its symbolization of the will of the masses to regiment the many, the few and the one: to legislate uniformity of habit. Censorship, which is simply the prerogative control of a "sovereign" folk—the enforcing of a crowd attitude on such "private matters" as sex and discussion.

(4) External stabilizing and levelling of population. Exclusion of Orientals. The Johnson Act. Restriction of immigration, in order to hasten the process of "setting." Barring of minority groups. Since the dominant race memory of the dominant part of our folk is "Nordic," it naturally suspects (and rightly) that all alien memories will complicate this process of "setting."

(5) The cult of arts that are apologetic of mass-sentiment, and panegyric of instinctive mass behavior. For instance: Jazz. We have seen (in "Our Arts") that jazz is a rhythmic response to a world of machines and of machine-methods: that it is a response superficially self-assertive and organically reflective: a sort of compensation for subjection by the trick of turning the bowed head and twisted body into a lyrical accent. Jazz as the American accent therefore bespeaks the adoption as the voice of a people of an unconscious, deeply servile reflex. Another instance: the vogue of the vulgarization of culture. This practice is not as innocent as it looks. Works of vulgarization are common in many countries. France, for instance, for a century has had its Will Durants and its Lewis Brownes. They cater to a low degree of the middle class which for snob reasons desires to "know about" culture. But such writers are ignored by the groups who properly represent the head and nervous system of the people. The distinguishing point with our vulgarizers is precisely that our leaders are committed to them; our "heads" accept to be levelled down, and further the levelling process. What really happens in this popularization of art, letters, science, history? It professes of course to enhance consciousness; it *is* the exact reverse of what it professes. To write glibly about Plato, and leave out the essence of Plato—to describe his life in pleasant journalese and to excise what made him great—is not to increase consciousness of Plato: it is to agglutinate Plato in the unconscious self-indulgence of the popular reader. It is, virtually, to destroy the Plato who has made men think, by substituting for the man above us the name which all can possess. In our fad of popular books on learned subjects is a deliberate, although disguised assault by the folk on the very forces that have made man conscious. This, of course, has always been a folk desire. To make Socrates drink poison while he lives, and to be smart about him in a book, once he is dead, are both attacks on the Man and on the consciousness he nurtured. The acquiescence of our "intellectuals" is the new element.

(6) All the practices and Cults of Power which we have discussed, whereby the reigning group in America aspires to stamp out or to neutralize the others.

The key in all these tendencies and agitations is the desire to be uniform. The key to the desire to be uniform is the privilege it offers to *remain unconscious*. For consciousness, as Mr. Dewey has suggested, is a fruit of the intensity of multiple life solving its conflicts not by suppression but by integration. Our chaos is a variety, wondrously rich, of needs, potentials, natures, values. The chaos must be resolved into some sort of order. To resolve it without loss of the variety that makes it would mean to *symphonize* it: this would mean to control the elements of our variety: and this would mean to understand and to be conscious of the worlds whirling within our chaos. But uniformity requires merely that a dominant strain within the chaos assert itself through Power, and extirpate all that is not compliant. The result of such uniformity is that consciousness beyond the simple self can be dispensed with—the way of a childish people.

Well: why not? Surely, in the formation of all peoples, there have been suppressions, excisions. It may be hard for the elements that perish; but should this prevail against such possible splendor as has come from compact peoples in the past? Precisely through comparison with them, we may perceive the menace before us. In the past, the folk has been kept varied within itself by every force of production, economy and custom. (Even today, in so integral a people as the French, each province and each town enacts a vividly individual life.) Order was always directed by some group, distinguished from the folk and at last identified as its leader, by the possession of values, by the will to unity and by consciousness of the life that it proposed to

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govern. To this group, the folk fed whatever energy within it was consonant with this principle of directing order. This group was an aristocracy of some sort: it might exploit (it usually did), but it could not exterminate the folk—its body: it had, therefore, to understand it. *Consciousness beyond self became the principle of aristocracy, and when it failed the aristocracy failed also.* There was no levelling from downward to common uniformity: there was, on the contrary, a hierarchizing from upward to the conscious unifying symbol of king or priest. The folk, then, literally, was plasm; and the head that formed it worked as the phyletic principle of differentiation which forms, by distinguishing, the organs of a body. The archetype of the historic process is the Mosaic story. Here is a folk "chosen by Jehovah." This term take to mean that Jehovah was chosen by the folk: specifically that the folk possessed the potential will to order and to consciousness. Now appears Moses in whom this principle is no longer potential—is incarnate; and with him appear the conditions for its working. Moses with his priests and his heads of tribes and his heads of hundreds integrates the folk into a people. Analogously, the Brahmins worked in India, the aristocrats in the Greek cities, the temporal and priestly princes, together with the monks, in Medieval Europe, the king and his court and his mastered nobles in France and Spain. The natural yet intolerable heterogeneity of folks in every case is organized by heads in whom is consciousness, value, the will of the folk to integration. Let me be forgiven this impossible attempt to describe in a page the genesis of cultures, since my purpose is but to set a background for the precise American event. Our folk is not being made integral by a directing group[1]; it is being made uniform by economics. No king, no group made sacred by its values knits it together with one language, one banner and one prayer against the force of economic discord; but Production—newsprint, radio, communication—clamps uniformity upon it. The value, in lieu of an ideal of which king or god is symbol, becomes the achievement of an inner sameness like the outer sameness of machine-politics, machine-art, machine-sport, machine-customs. This folk in itself has no *conscious* standards beyond the momentum of its present ways. This momentum it calls Progress. (If there are fifteen million cars, thirty million cars will be progress; if there are sixty-story buildings, eighty stories will be progress. If there are three-ring circuses, five rings will be progress.) The heads of past folks worked, as we know, cruelly and stupidly enough. History is no Golden Day we should recapture. But its heritage, which is all we have of God and Man, was the work of such heads drawing and distilling and forming the energy of the folk-bodies. The folk, in its leaders, rationalized its aspirations. Our folk rationalizes its inertia. Its leaders are rationalizations of its appetence; its values and its methods of becoming uniform are rationalizations of its sheer momentum. The balance of this colossal levelling from downward threatens to be the gradual transforming of the magnificent dreams of our world into business and bigness. The fate of the dinosaur and the great lizards should concern us.

To this issue of a uniform people, an unconscious people, a people enslaved to the monotone of industrial "advance" which is the dominion of *things*, there is an answer: a conscious people, a varied and integral people, the symphonic nation in whom all selves and all visions adumbrate to Wholeness. For this alternative cause, my series is written. But before we can grapple with a method whereby such a nation might be composed from the American jungle, we must consider (a) what tradition toward such an issue exists in the American folk, and (b) what conditions in our present life make such an issue possible and desirable to the folk itself. If the natural talent is here and the particular motive to gain the particular end is cryingly alive, a method for gaining it may be heeded.

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Mystic America," will appear in our issue of August 1.)

[1] Of course, no group that governed could have done so without the economic power. When economics tended to keep communities apart, aristocracies of wealth were needed to bind them in body as well as in spirit. Now that economics binds, aristocracies of wealth are not needed and have been discarded. Our men of wealth emphatically do not form an aristocracy. The democratization of wealth must mean the elimination of wealth from leadership: the spiritualization of aristocracy.

Bound

Could I shake you out of my heart,
As water out of a cup,
A little silver on the grass
The sun would soon dry up—

Would I be poorer for this thing,
Though wiser, too? I know,
By all our days of ill or good
I dare not let you go.

You are to me, I am to you
Common, and bound, and plain,
As is a window to a house,
As yarrow to a lane.

Too close to see each other else
Than earth-thick to the core;
So near there is nought left to us
But to love and love the more.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

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The Essentials of German Character

SEVENTY million people live in Germany, different in face, physique, mode of dress, manner and standard of living, in their practical goals, philosophy—peasants, bourgeois, proletarians, plainsmen, mountaineers, maritime people, pre-war men, post-war men. Twenty million live in forty-seven cities of more than 100,000 population, fifty million in the country, or in small cities and villages. Yet a German physiognomy does exist, a German face different from the faces of other nationalities.

This face was probably vaguely recognizable when Wilhelm II still reigned supreme, but since the War its features have been more easily distinguishable. Be warned, however, that it is different from what is generally pictured. Faces of other nationalities may be drawn after their newspapers have been read for a time, but to know the real German physiognomy, perusal of newspapers will not help.

I

In Germany today much is said about reality, objectivity. Berlin likes to be called the American city of Europe. Dreams are made fun of, people try to force emotions into the sphere of the measurable and the concrete. People go mad over quantity—figures and statistics are beloved. Only when one leaves the realm of newspapers and cafés where the intelligentsia gather, even withdraws from the capital, does one realize that this Americanism is only external—a varnish, a fad, a pretension, having nothing to do with the spirit of the people.

Also, much is heard of organization, types, standardization, of efforts to make the individual one of the mass, of strictly uniform disciplined sport. From this to the establishment of a militaristic spirit the way is not long. Only it is not a straight road. Too much honor is given the ingenuous social organizations of the Germans if their need for a *Stammtisch,* uniformity, companionship, is included under such pathetic categories. Of course, among seventy million inhabitants, numerous bellicose individuals are to be found whose heritage and civilized energy are 50,000 or 100,000 years younger and therefore more limited than that of the others. But even considering that it is characteristic of the soldier to hurrah while the others remain quiet, yet the roar of 200,000 militants must not be taken for the voice of seventy millions.

If one wants to discover a common German characteristic, a dominant trait under which the other peculiarities can be summarized, one had best study the idealistic tendencies of the bourgeoisie. In spite of all the shouting about Americanism, the German still cares a good deal for religion; he wants to feel himself to be a part of the world, enjoys a middle-class metaphysics. The German is not interested in politics—that is, in government, not at all, and in the class struggle, little. He permits himself to be ruled easily—he is only partially incorporated in the governmental system; even things which annoy him a great deal—the wretched, political German justice of today which is directly offensive to him—he tolerates better than any other European people. But he wants a system, categories, or at least abstract words which feed his yearning for philosophy. In this he is pedantic. Hence arises his preference for precepts and principles, lists and legislation, detailed data, and the sanctity of the State.

His metaphysical needs have their roots less in a clear, logical understanding than in a general artistic bent. This, to be sure, is somewhat apathetic, for the German is sluggish, ponderous, indirect. He does not strive for an end, his joy lies in the means. He loves to present questions, to meditate, to be hypercritical, to raise problems, and to take great pains in solving them; solutions, answers interest him little. He likes to feel himself an essential factor in a philosophical process.

II

Often the need of the German for metaphysics leads him into the sentimental. He loves pastoral domesticity, radio music, canary birds, and general speculations concerning the life of his neighbor. It is odd to hear grown-up men singing drippingly sentimental songs together, and to see them staging harvest festivals in the midst of the metropolis, when their rural experience consists in having raised a few pears and two rabbits on their square foot of land. But this is only the banal expression of a broad and deep artistic nature. The German's musical talent has roots which lie deep within him, and he is as sensitive to the inartistic, as he is discriminate in his choice of true beauty. The German has little love of show, but much sympathy for good theater. His thirst for education is continuous, very difficult to satisfy and often somewhat pedantic. He learns slowly, but thoroughly. Since the authorities have not met this need—only 1.4 percent of the fathers of German students are workers—he has created for himself more folk high schools, folk libraries and folk theaters than any other people. His literature is not light, not gay. But he writes and reads more books than any other nationality, and his scientific literature, more theoretical than practical, is twice as inclusive as that of any other people, and is not only for a nar-

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row circle of scholars, but is assimilated by the whole country. The German asks more questions than any other nationality: Why? How? For what purpose? Insatiable, he is less often and less easily satisfied than others.

But in spite of all this talk about materialism and business spirit, the German is fundamentally reflective, deliberate even to bluntness, good-natured, heavy-mannered, considerate, and reliable. His hobbies are more important to him than his vocation. He is not exactly a man with whom one falls in love easily, but once established, friendship lasts.

LION FEUCHTWANGER.

Harmony Hall

OLD Doctor Horner, Woppington's Democratic medicine man, was in radiant spirits as he came into Elmer Durkin's place for a package of little cigars and a gloat or two over the doings at Houston.

"Now, that's what I call a convention!" exclaimed this rejuvenated veteran. "I didn't think it was possible for the cantankerous old donkey to act so civilized. We sank all our differences and put up the best man we've got."

"And how!" said Elmer. "You took the apple of discord and made it into sauce. Between Pete Boyle's loudspeaker and the papers I got me a big load of that racket and believe me it was a ritzie job of stage management those Fourteenth Streeters pulled. At the Madison Square calamity their work was so citrous I thought they had put the kayo on Al for keeps and now look how pretty he's sitting!

"I don't know who did the heavy masterminding for the Houston show, but some guy had a swell hunch—old stuff, but always good if you know how to make it click. When the home gang is set to kick each other in the slats, start a foreign war. If the Dumbocrats had to crack heads, get 'em to walloping the low retreating beans of the G. O. P. That's where the bellowing Bowers got in his dirt.

"Did you plug in on that hooey, Doc? Boy! Some keynoting is what I mean and not maybe. The highbrows were snooty about the Bowers riot, but they had the wrong dope. It wasn't framed to run a campaign on; it was to keep the boys out of the trenches till Friday noon. Was it rough stuff! When Claude got through with the Grand Old Larceny that night I was scared to go home through our crooked Republican streets. Judge Witherspoon blew in here to buy him a paper and I kept my mitt on my ticker.

"The oil mess might not cut so much ice in the campaign, but it sure was the berries in the Democratic national concert. Every time a Jacksonian got up to hand us the fairest flower of Oglethorpe County or the red-hot mamma of the Athabatchee, he first took eight dirty cracks at the Augean stables. I bet a lot of those crabs eased themselves out of language they had been saving up to use on Tammany Hall, the rum fiend and the Pope.

"Then they up and put Joe Robinson in charge of the religious freedom line and maybe that wasn't cagey, either—a Protestant dry Arkansawer. The customers gave that Little Rocker a big hand and from then on tolerance was a smash. When a guy wasn't slipping a wreath of poison ivy on the pillagers he was fighting and croaking for the right to pick your own church.

"Free speech was another hot number on this bill. They gave everybody one warble. Hundreds of colonels ankled up to the mike and ballyhooed for George W. Whoosis and the glory of Southern womanhood and watermelons, and nobody heaved anything but a sigh. It took them all day to introduce their favorite sons and uncles and believe me some of those bushers needed a lot of introducing. All this time the band never tooted 'Tammany' at all and they didn't even spring the sidewalk piece until late in the show when everybody was fed up with Dixie. I'll say they dealt a slick hand! And four years back the micks from the gashouse district yowled whenever anybody voted for McAdoo.

"Of course it was in the bag for the Oliver Streeter and everybody was jerry he'd come across in the first round. The Reed thing was a tailspin and the other wistfuls couldn't even crank up. The Klucks were too scarce to start anything. The Tiger could have got away with murder, but no, it was not that kind of a party. The steam roller was cammyflagged to listen like a calliope. All was peace, love and harmony like something written by Jimmy Walker.

"The boys from the sticks had the words and music; they got second place on the ticket and most of the breaks on the platform. Everybody wanted a piece of Al. Some of those hungry prohibitionaries got so ga-ga about the Governor, you'd think 'A. S.' was slang for Anti-Saloon.

"Maybe the willing little workers from Manhattan encouraged the drys to kid themselves that way. Alfred has not been yammering so much on this burning issue here lately. Anyhow it wasn't until five minutes before the finale that the bozos blinked out of the ether and found they had pinned the hardware on a wet, Tiger, Catholic city slicker and had to sneak home and break the news to mother. They had plenty of Al, but no alibi.

"The way it listens now, the Happy Warrior has made prohibition the big noise in this ruckus, and that's what the politicianers of both outfits want everything else but. It's Al's only chance to chisel into the big money and he might get away with it, but it will swallow hard in the Cola-Cola belt. It's a good thing you had all that sweet harmony at Houston."

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"They have no kick coming," said the physician. "They got their enforcement pledge in the platform."

"Be your age, Doc. When a drippity wet parks his dogs on a dry plank for about twenty minutes, what's the answer?"

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

NOT as much attention as it deserves has been given, I think, to the remarkable abandonment by the Democrats at Houston of their historic position on the great question of tariff. In these peculiar political days I do not suppose it matters very much, so far as votes are concerned. Undoubtedly, however, there are still in the country a considerable number of tariff-for-revenue-only, dyed-in-the-wool Democrats of the old school, to whom the present platform of their party must be the cause of intense pain. Not only was the great traditional Democratic doctrine practically ignored, but planks dealing with the tariff were actually adopted upon which any regular, orthodox Republican anywhere might run and be perfectly happy. Astonishing as it may seem, the Democratic remedy for the agricultural ills is a higher tariff. The Democratic party actually preaches and promises "protection" to American labor, in a plank which can only be interpreted as meaning protection through the tariff. The thing is ridiculous, but it is true. Nowhere in the entire document is there anything bordering upon the customary Democratic denunciation of the high protective tariff iniquities of the Republican regime. So far as can be recalled, this is the first Democratic platform in three generations which has not contained a scathing indictment of the protective tariff policy and a pledge, if placed in power, to reduce the tariff and thus lower the cost of living.

As pointed out before, this singular shift of a great party on what, more than any other, is its basic policy, will not lose its ticket many votes. Only the soft-headed believe, these days, that the American voters are now—if they ever were—influenced by principles and policies. Every informed person knows perfectly well that prejudices, personalities and propaganda—principally prejudices—are the things that really count in every campaign, whether it be for county clerk or President of the United States. Still, when a party suddenly cuts loose from its ancient moorings as this one has, it is certainly interesting as a matter of record and useful as an illustration of the hollowness of all political pretence about principles. Not the least amusing feature about this departure is that it seems to have been accomplished more or less unconsciously. From what I am told, the great minds on the Resolutions Committee did not in the least realize that they were abandoning a noble Democratic tradition. And, of course, so far as the silly, sweating delegates, to whom it was read, are concerned, it might just as well have been intoned by a Chinaman with a sore throat, for all they knew what it was about. It is curious, though, that so few of our erudite editorial writers, both Democratic and Republican, who had the leisure to read, and whose job it was to read, this document, sensed the significance of the tariff touches. It may be taken for granted, however, that the facts have been fully grasped by the Republican management, which is now centered around the jolly Herbert. Beyond question, as the campaign progresses they will be brought out by Republican orators, editors and publicity agencies in a form as embarrassing as possible.

When you stop to reflect upon it, it does seem rather a good point to make. In effect, it can be charged that the Democratic party, after violently differing with the Republicans on a basic political principle for sixty years, has conceded the soundness of the Republican position and has become more or less Republicanized by adopting that position as its own. This is not, it will be admitted, an altogether easy allegation for the Democrats to answer; but as a Democratic friend of mine says on the subject, "Who cares?" To that I can think of no reply at all. I cannot, for instance, at this moment name a single soul to whom it very much matters. In addition, my Democratic friend asserts that if his party has abandoned an historic Democratic principle in this campaign, it is by no means the first time it has done exactly that thing. So, he says, it is not worth while to get excited. For one thing, no one pays any attention to platforms anyway. For another, the Democratic party in the next or in some future campaign can, and probably will, swing back to its original tariff policy. And, in this campaign, it actually has swung back to one traditional policy previously abandoned—swung back, not in its platform, but in its candidate for President, who, in the inspired words of that patriotic Papist, Mr. George Brennan of Chicago, "is his own platform." Regardless of the platform silences on the subject, the Smith nomination unquestionably again lines the Democratic party up in opposition to "sumptuary laws," a position which it consistently and regularly maintained for many years, but from which it was shifted by the late Bryan and his Anti-Saloon League friends of the South and West.

Further, the Smith nomination swings his party back to the states' rights doctrine, which is next to the tariff for revenue only, in historic and traditional value. If Smith's position on prohibition means anything concrete at all, it means that he advocates the modification of the Volstead Act so as to leave to each state the right to determine the alcoholic content of the beverages manufactured within its borders, under the Constitution.

But let's get away from platforms, which are meaningless at best and without real significance save as showing the individual and collective ineptitude of all party managers and the imbecility of all national conventions. The most interesting thing I have heard in Washington in the last few days is the earnest desire of the Hoover managers to keep the campaign on a "high plane." I can fully sympathize with this desire of Herbert and his political board of directors, but they may as well know now as later that this desire is one that will not be gratified. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe the campaign will be on a low plane—a very low plane indeed. It may start out on the higher level, but it will reach the lower one long before the middle of October, when the time for the "short licks" arrives. It takes no particular perception to see this.

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It is only necessary to grasp the fact that, except on prohibition, there is not a single issue, foreign or domestic, on which the candidates or their parties divide, and that the fight is more completely one of personalities than any in a long while. Furthermore, as was pointed out in this place a week or so ago, there is more room in this fight for passion and prejudice than in any we have had in a very long time. The presidential candidates themselves, of course, will maintain a relative degree of dignity, but this will not extend very far down the line on either side. The whispering campaign on both sides will be vicious and intense. There is no way to stop it—and if there were, it would not be used.

On the Democratic side, while the noble Al will maintain an attitude of dignified aloofness and will know nothing about it, it is none the less entirely true that all the dirt thrown at Hoover in the Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia primaries has been collected and is even now being classified and sifted. Also, all the silly stuff has been saved which has been printed in the little political sheet published here in Washington and financed by some mysterious Hoover enemy whose name never did come out, but whose identity it is not hard to guess. One way or another, it will all be used, while Smith, personally, keeps to the "high plane." On the other hand, while Herbert himself will certainly not countenance any such stuff, and is perfectly sincere in his desire to keep the fight decent, anyone who thinks the Republicans do not intend to circulate all the poison possible does not know politics, and particularly, does not know Republicans. There is a good deal of dirt about Al and about Tammany, and it will be spread—beyond doubt, it will be spread. It is nice to make an appeal, as did the New York World at the start, for decency on both sides—but a more futile appeal it is hard, indeed, to imagine. Clearly, this is a fight that will be decided by the prejudices of the voters. In such a fight, if your side keeps on the high plane and the other side occupies, and fights on, both high and low plane, the result for your side will be sad. The "high plane" game is too great a risk to take. Neither side will do it.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Movietone and Musical Show

THE Movietone film of Bernard Shaw has given me quite a new impression of him. It is by far the best talking movie—in fact, the only interesting talking movie—that I have ever seen. The films which precede and follow it are as dead as though they were silent; but in this case, Shaw has planned and acted a most effective little show: like everything he does, it is an excellent job.

What you see at first is a long driveway, leading toward the camera from a background of shrubbery; then there emerges from this background a tall, knock-kneed figure in knickerbockers, who, as he approaches, makes a gesture of arranging the flap of a pocket or flicking something from his coat, and then later, when he is almost up to us, takes out his handkerchief and blows his nose. Just as he is about to walk out of the picture, he suddenly becomes aware of the audience watching him. "Oh, ladies!" he exclaims. "Well, this *is* a surprise! Have you all come to see me, ladies and gentlemen?" (His speech is beautifully distinct; his voice is sensitive and amiable, but has the usual ironic glaze of the educated Irishman.) "Well, I should never have expected this. Oh, well, it's really extremely kind of you. I'm very glad to see you. You know, I'm very glad you've come, because I like people to see me. I don't know how it is, but people who only know me from reading my books, or sometimes even from seeing my plays, get a most unpleasant impression—and the people who really meet me, as you have been kind enough to meet me now—well, they see that I am a most harmless person—and really quite a kindly person, you know!" Hitherto, he has been beaming and smiling with delighted self-consciousness; but now he goes on: "However, I am not always as genial as I am trying to be at this moment—I have another side." He puts his hands over his face and emerges with a feeble frown. "This I call my Mussolini stunt!" Mussolini, however, he explains, has his scowl clamped down on his forehead by the dome of his brow, so that he can never look any other way, "whereas I can put on this look that terrifies you, and then—Now watch!" He shakes away the frown and emerges with an air of excruciating candor and gaiety: "I can take it off!—I can put it on and take it off and do all sorts of things!"

What strikes one most about all this is Shaw's evident innocence—he seems to me one of the most innocent people that I have ever seen. When he first enters, we observe that there is something of the hobbledehoy about his gait, something of the long-legged immature boy whose knees get in each other's way, who takes steps perhaps too short for the length of his legs, as if he were picking his way fastidiously and modestly, who fastidiously and nervously brushes something off the breast of his coat, who perhaps has been brought up among women and is more used to women than to men. And then, when he commences to talk, one sees at once how he loves to show off. One had lately begun to feel that his habit of referring to himself and insisting on his own superlative cleverness in no matter what sort of discussion on no matter what sort of subject had become rather a blemish on the work of a man of his age and importance. It had been amusing and effective when he was a dramatic critic in the nineties: at that time, it was the fashionable pose, fostered by Oscar Wilde, of the people who had already arrived. But now Shaw is so far from the nineties—he is so completely a different kind of person from Oscar Wilde or Max Beerbohm that one used to be a little jarred, in his pamphlets on the War, for example, those masterpieces of the grand polemic manner in English prose, to find the old affected note of silly-clever vanity. After we have seen him in this film, however, we become incapable any longer of resenting it. Bernard Shaw simply likes to be silly—he knows that he is being silly. But his cockiness and his smartness, like those of a nice little boy, are so innocent that we cannot resent them, that we can even find them infectious.

And we finally fall to reflecting whether an experience, or rather a character, which had made such innocence impossible might not also have deprived him of his vanity. If Shaw himself had not been so good, he could never have

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believed so sincerely in the salvation of human nature by the redistribution of wealth and other legislation; but he might never have boasted so much. The inescapable conviction of sin—as in the case of Dostoyevsky, for example—usually produces deep disillusion with ideas of political reform. Dostoyevsky, who had been sent to prison for a plot to overthrow the Tsar, passed the years of his maturity in the Russia of Alexander II not only without a protest, but as a preacher of anti-revolution. He, too, had his popinjay side—but he always impresses us as a man profoundly ashamed of himself, and even when he introduces a popinjay into one of his novels, it is as a soul who should be deeply ashamed of being a popinjay. Bernard Shaw has a heart so pure that he can make us easily accept in him, and even rather like, such superficial sins.

The great moral of the superior attractiveness of "The Connecticut Yankee" and "Show Boat" over the conventional successful musical comedy of the type of "Lucky" or "Sunny" is that the former have been adapted from interesting novels. I haven't a very high opinion of Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee," and I don't suppose that Edna Ferber's story is a masterpiece; but both are at least agreeable romances, with some imagination and drama, some plausible humor and pathos—some qualities different from those supplied by the ordinary theatrical hack piecing together the sure-fire clichés of the season before last. And both leave with us an impression somewhat different from the impression which we get from ordinary musical comedies: they have something of the character of light operas. We are grateful for the opportunity of being able to take the characters and situations a little more seriously than we ordinarily do: Mark Twain's humor and fantasy—the modern man amazing the Arthurians by predicting the eclipse of the sun, etc.—seem to provide both authors and actors with especially attractive opportunities; and in "Show Boat," there are romantic effects far beyond the scope of conventional musical comedy. We ask ourselves whether the great mistake of American opera writing has not, perhaps, lain primarily in the attempt to begin at the top—that is, in the deliberate and solemn effort to sit down and produce grand opera on the grandest possible scale, instead of waiting for our masterpieces to grow out of a highly developed popular art.

This is an idea which does not usually occur to us when we see an ordinary musical comedy. But my point is that it is not enough to set a composer of good light gifts to turning out a show of the conventional kind. What happens is what has happened many times: the music of George Gershwin for "Oh Kay!", for example, was excellent, but in itself "Oh Kay!" was nothing. Without the performance of Gertrude Lawrence, it would be impossible. To revive it would be inconceivable. Leslie Stewart, who has just died, wrote charming light opera, which also had a good deal of distinction; but the revival of "Floradora," save for the musical numbers themselves, was ghastly in the extreme. When a man writes such a score, he is confronted with the prospect of seeing his music expire with the season, or, at most, with two or three seasons. And though the box office may enrich the New Yorker, the prospect of swift oblivion will not inspire the artist. No: light composers with possibilities should address themselves to popular romances which have also some literary merit. One feels that the veteran Jerome Kern has in "Show Boat" shown more variety and scope than ever before simply because he has had for the first time an opportunity to deal with a real subject; and that the beginner Richard Rodgers, with his gift of spontaneous high spirits and charming sentimentality, has profited from the romantic atmosphere with which "The Connecticut Yankee" provided him.

Such productions have a life of their own. We can face the thought of seeing them revived with different directors and actors. And we can even imagine their composers going on from this sort of thing to a "Carmen" or a "Manon Lescaut." How much of the success of these latter—the interest of the audience, the inspiration of the composer—depends on the original stories? We seem hitherto, invariably, in America to have attempted to produce American opera, as it were, synthetically. In the attempt to get as far away as possible from the prosaic aspects of American life, our composers, with the utmost earnestness, have set themselves to work on Indian or Negro themes, as if, for a composer or a librettist whose imagination was not inspired by a good story about Negroes or Indians, these subjects would be any better than Main Street or Broadway. Feeling this, no doubt, Mr. Deems Taylor and Miss Edna Millay tried to leave the United States altogether, but still to keep to the English race. They attacked the traditions of romantic grand opera at its most romantic and its grandest, and they attempted to provide a counterpart to Wagner and "Pelléas et Mélisande," but though it was possible for Miss Millay to write some admirable poetry, "The King's Henchman," as a whole, was hardly satisfactory. It suffered from the same fault as the other American grand operas—and the particular heroic tradition which the authors attempted to follow had already been decadent when Maeterlinck and Debussy, when Benelli and Montemezzi, were trying to prolong its life. I propose as subjects for light operas, "The Sun Also Rises" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Both could be made romantically moving and attractively picturesque. Who will write the great stirring trio between the toreador, Nick and Brett? Who will compose the great farewell duet between La Périchole and Uncle Pio?

EDMUND WILSON.

Two Nocturnes

I

The sea speaks a language polite people never repeat.
It is a colossal scavenger slang and has no respect.
Is it a terrible thing to be lonely?

II

The prairie tells nothing unless the rain is willing.
It is a woman with thoughts of her own.
Is it a terrible thing to love much?

CARL SANDBURG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Watch Your Headlines!

SIR: We are not a nation of newspaper readers; most of us stop with the headlines. The New York Herald Tribune, over its report of the keynote speech at Houston, said in its headline: "Republican Prosperity Is Called Myth and Industry on Road to Ruin." Mr. Bowers did not say that industry was on the road to ruin. He described the disastrous effect of Republican policies on farming, which he termed our basic industry. As a newspaper man I am aware of the difficulties confronting the copy editor; his headline must say what is to be said in a certain number of letters and spaces; but the word "farming" could have been substituted perfectly for "industry" in the head to which I refer; this would have made it truthful instead of misleading.

On its editorial page the Herald Tribune suggested to its readers that they ignore the keynote speech, and content themselves with a list of adjectives and phrases derisively culled from its context; but apparently not much faith was felt in the potency of this counsel. The editorial note was carried into an eight-column "banner" over the speech: "Democratic 'Call to Arms' Voiced in Bitterest Political Language Used in Years." Remembering Heflin, I doubt this assertion. There assuredly was no justification for it in any despatch printed that day, June 27, in the Herald Tribune.

Another headline, printed in the same issue (and based on the text beneath it), asserted that Senator "Jim" Reed would be the only logical candidate under the terms of the keynote address; this in flat contradiction of the fact that the convention verged on delirium, according to the paper's own reporters, at Mr. Bowers' tribute to Woodrow Wilson, whom Reed traduced and knifed. What are the readers of headlines to do in such cases? Must they merely reiterate that you can't believe anything you see in the papers?

Horace Greeley, founder of the Tribune, made the paper a stepping stone to a presidential nomination; Whitelaw Reid used it as a stepping stone to the Court of St. James'; Ogden Mills has used it as a stepping stone to the United States Treasury. Governor Ritchie of Maryland, who is calling for the rebirth of a partisan press, could see from a casual glance at the Herald Tribune the error of his ways.

SILAS BENT.

Sound Beach, Conn.

Trust Busting in 1928

SIR: Your editorial in a recent issue, "Revising the Anti-Trust Laws," is an admirable statement of the problem in that it recognizes the economic waste and other disadvantages of free competition and yet sounds a timely warning against the substitution of "wasteful tyranny for wasteful confusion."

The anti-trust laws met a pressing problem. It must, however, be recognized that they were only a temporary expedient and have served as a more or less inefficient and ineffective stay of the movement toward tyrannical centralization with the latter's inevitable "the public be damned"—a stay pending the working out of an economically sound solution.

Unfortunately, the anti-trust laws were accepted as a solution of the problem, and the years have been allowed to pass without any serious effort to work out a sound solution. Gradually, the inadequacies of the anti-combinations policy gained recognition, to such an extent that the Supreme Court adopted the "rule of reason" and Congress authorized export combinations. Today there is on foot the movement to abolish the laws against restraint of competition. The pendulum, some years ago, began to swing backward; it is continuing backward; the danger is that it will swing back all the way to uncontrolled and uncontrollable "exaggerated *laissez faire* for the few," as you so aptly term it. The whole movement since 1890 will have been waste effort, resulting in no correction of our inequitable economic structure.

Such warnings as yours, therefore, are particularly opportune, and should be propagated and persisted in, in the hope that they will prevent the letting down of the bars in the absence of sounder protection against the evil.

Combination eliminates duplication and the extravagance of competition. It, however, sets up, under present conditions, a selfish, grasping, unconscionable despotism. The problem is to attain the benefits of monopoly without its evils. The solution of the problem lies in evolving the means of preventing the despotism. That, in turn, rests upon the avoidance of the spoils thereof. Under the present system, the only aim of the persons in control of a monopoly is the greatest profit possible; the least to be given, the most to be taken. Prevent undue profit to those in control and I think the solution is worked out.

Judging from your editorial, Mr. Javits had that in mind when he proposed the 8 percent limit and the 50 percent tax of the excess. You convincingly point out the ineffectiveness of such limitations.

Is not a solution to be found along the following lines: Compel a very wide distribution of the stock of the monopoly corporation by prohibiting any individual, or group of individuals, from, either directly or indirectly, owning more than a prescribed small percentage of the stock, and from holding or exercising the voting power and other rights and benefits of other than that percentage of the stock—the percentage of the stock could be graduated in inverse proportion to the magnitude of the enterprise. Set aside a substantial portion of the stock for distribution (by sale) among the employees, each to hold a limited number, so as to give them a direct interest in, and a measure of, control of the affairs of the monopoly. Limit the remuneration of officers and persons in control. Prohibit the cutting down or waiver, by contract or otherwise, of the fiduciary status and obligations of the officers and directors to the corporation. Add the limitations on the profits and the tax of excess proposed by Mr. Javits.

Such an arrangement would result in a more or less public ownership of the monopolies. There is an automatic tendency in that direction today; more and more people invest in corporate stocks and securities. Unfortunately, that investment is promoted by stock-brokers; and there is, therefore, more speculation than investment; nevertheless, there is thereby effected a more widespread distribution of corporate ownership. But, instead of having the present distribution of minority interests only, there would be complete distribution, no one retaining controlling interests. The remuneration of the persons at the helm being limited, no matter how large the profits, there would be no incentive to pile up undue profits. If undue profits should be made, they would only find their way back to the owning public, to a large extent the consumers who contributed the profits. Moreover, the tenure of the persons in control would to some extent depend upon their continuing to be in the good graces of the owners of the stock, which, under the proposed system, would be quite representative of the public at large; therefore, the incentive of the persons in control would be to please rather than defy the public.

Of course, there would be abuses. No matter what restrictions will be imposed, corrupt individuals will find ways and means of aggrandizing themselves beyond the lawful limits. The limitations upon the extent of the stock ownership will be violated through some underhand methods. The designs and schemings of the corrupt will be aided by the apathy of the stock-owning public. Perfection is not to be expected.

The search is not for perfection, but for improvement. Do the above proposals point a way "to progress from the welter and waste of competition toward a better integrated economic order"?

COPAL MINTZ.

New York City.

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Emily Brontë and Her Sisters

The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë, by Romer Wilson. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 292 pages. $4.

The Brontë Sisters, by Ernest Dimnet. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 256 pages. $2.50.

THE Brontës have always been novelists' novelists, perhaps because their history is novelistic material—the six children in their bleak setting of the Yorkshire moors, their struggle against fate, marked by recurrent death—Maria and Elizabeth dying in childhood—Branwell's fantastic tragedy, the simultaneous illumination of three personalities in "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," fame and then death once more—Emily, Anne, Charlotte. There was enough in this story in its purely external aspects to challenge a novelist. Mrs. Gaskell was their first biographer. Mrs. Humphry Ward introduced their works in the definitive edition. Then under the more penetrating methods of modern psychology their situation took on a new interest. Miss May Sinclair wrote her enthusiastic study of "The Three Brontës." Now comes Miss Romer Wilson with her version of the sister whose fame, long overshadowed by "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," is now in the ascendant, with "Wuthering Heights" and the "Poems" alike revealing a personality so far beyond the usual limits of human nature as to seem miraculous.

One reason why the Brontës have held such fascination for novelists and critics of fiction is that they afford extraordinary examples of the relation of personal experience to art. Outwardly their lives were so limited as to offer only the simplest material for record. In the case of Charlotte, we are compelled to smile at the overemphasis with which she constantly treats the trivial. An encounter between rival Sunday schools in "Shirley" is described with the seriousness of a battle. Lucy Snowe's ordeal at meeting a class of school-girls in "Villette" may be compared with Stevenson's fight in the round-house in "Kidnapped." The only escape of the sisters was to the wide, windy spaces of the moors, or to the wider spaces still of the imagination. With Charlotte the line between the world that she knew and the world that she imagined is as clear as the difference between Lowood and Thornfield, between Mr. Brocklehurst and Mr. Rochester. With Emily the fusion is far more complete. The poems, and still more the novel "Wuthering Heights" contain echoes of external reality, intimations of actual experience, but the line between fact and fiction is never drawn. Emily was in a sense the most suppressed of the four children who grew to maturity. She was the household drudge. The shyness which to Charlotte and Anne was embarrassment and suffering was to Emily agony and bloody sweat. It operated as a complete barrier to intercourse with strangers. Accordingly, the ways by which her spirit grew into greatness and by what experience it was nourished, remain a mystery.

A few years ago Miss Sinclair was congratulating us on this enduring silence which surrounds Emily Brontë. "By the mercy of heaven the swarm of gossips and theorists have passed her by. She has no legend, or hardly any." Yet she warned us that "there may be somewhere some awful worshipper of Emily Brontë, impatient of her silence, and unsatisfied with her strange, her virgin and inaccessible beauty, who will some day make up something of some love-affair, some passion kindred to Catherine Earnshaw's passion for Heathcliff of which the moors have kept the secret: and he will tell his tale." This prophecy is fulfilled in some sort by Miss Romer Wilson.

As a biographer of Emily Brontë, Miss Wilson presents herself with certain indubitable credentials. A Yorkshire woman with memories of a childhood on the moors, she is prepared to enter into the environment of her heroine. As a novelist who has explored the obscure depths of the unconscious, she finds clues everywhere to the labyrinthine ways of personality. Her method is to reconstruct Emily's experience by psychoanalysis from the themes and material of her poetry and fiction. Now it may be that Emily as a child was shut up in a room associated with death and, haunted by ghosts and phantoms, fell into a fit. This may be the origin of the recurring prison theme in her poetry; and Charlotte may have recalled the originating episode in "Jane Eyre." Again, it may be that Emily suffered from jealousy of Branwell's high place in the family, and "solaced her jealousy with contemplation of the unrelieved blackness of her future, in contrast to the unrelieved brilliance of his"; that "in secret, in imagination she began to foster and love a dark soul in herself, a dark thing that grew and grew upon her and ultimately possessed her, body and soul" and became Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights." These are interesting excursions into the field of conjectural biography.

Miss Wilson makes the further hypothesis that Emily was in Bradford in 1837 or 1838, based on the date of one poem, and "that some event took place with grave results to herself" during these years when "she began to write of betrayal and vengeance," and shortly afterward "of guilt, of shame, of crime, and of tarnished name." All this, however, is incapable of test by external evidence. Charlotte's copious correspondence gives no ground for believing that "Wuthering Heights" is an allegory of the Brontë family life, or that Heathcliff in Emily's form was a specter at their hearth. Nor is it likely that Emily could have spent any considerable time at Bradford (though Branwell was there in 1837-8) without some mention in those letters which deal so fully with the family life.

Miss Wilson, as a partisan of Emily, is a bit hard on Charlotte, for whom, nevertheless, she professes great admiration. "Charlotte's vices were inability to yield an inch, and a horrid partiality for tampering with the lives of others." No doubt Charlotte was by character and position the executive of the family. But when Miss Wilson blames Charlotte, first, for reading Emily's private poetry, and then, after securing permission to publish, for editing it, she is patently unfair. Undoubtedly it is a tragedy that we have not every line of Emily's poetry as it was written; but if Emily had had her way we should have none of it. In view of such inferences as Miss Wilson draws from what we have, we may forgive Charlotte's discretion.

Miss Wilson and Miss Sinclair agree in finding a close connection between the series of Gondal poems, discovered by Mr. Shorter, and "Wuthering Heights." In both it is impossible to distinguish certainly what is objective and dramatic, what is subjective and personal. Miss Sinclair believes that "the impersonal would be found in a mass out of all proportion to the other." Miss Wilson thinks the contrary. But Miss Sinclair's conclusion will do for both, that in respect to the Gondal characters, Emily "was these people; she lived indistinguishably and interchangeably their tumultuous and passionate life." In the same

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mysterious sense, "she was Heathcliff and Catherine Earnshaw."

Canon Dimnet's book has very long been the classic account of the Brontës for French readers. It is a contrast to Miss Romer's book in every way, being altogether decorous, discreet, demure. Canon Dimnet leaves Charlotte in the center of her group. He looks with kindly amusement at her provincialism and at the naïveté of her art, which a French public would scorn; with gentle tolerance of her religious bigotry. As all these qualities appear undisguised in "Villette," he does not agree with English critics who regard that novel as her best. As to Charlotte's experience in Brussels, he accepts quietly what Miss Sinclair asserts vociferously, that she was never in love with M. Héger, that Madame Héger's jealousy had no foundation, and that when she wrote, "I returned to Brussels after Aunt's death, prompted by what seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total hindrance of more than two years of happiness and peace of mind," she was referring to difficulties at Haworth which had risen in her absence.

Canon Dimnet has not changed his original assertion in the text—"Not a word in Charlotte's correspondence permits the supposition that she was in love with her master" —but he prints in his appendix the letters which Charlotte wrote to M. Héger after her return and which the son of Professor Héger presented in 1913 to the British Museum. There are many ways of loving and being in love, and possibly some definition might be devised which would exclude from these categories the state of mind which Charlotte's letters clearly show. M. Héger was evidently reluctant to write to Charlotte, and had rationed her in her letters to him to one every six months. What this limitation meant to Charlotte may be seen from this passage written in January, 1845:

> Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me. "No; nothing." "Patience," said I—"his sister will be here soon." Miss Taylor has returned. "I have nothing for you from Monsieur Héger," says she; "neither letter nor message."
>
> Having realized the meaning of these words, I said to myself what I should say to another similarly placed: "You must be resigned, and above all do not grieve at a misfortune which you have not deserved." I strove to restrain my tears, to utter no complaint.
>
> But when one does not complain, when one seeks to dominate oneself with a tyrant's grip, the faculties start into rebellion and one pays for external calm with an internal struggle that is almost unbearable.
>
> Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me.
>
> Forgive me then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings?

In the light of these letters, one can hardly fail to recognize the sojourn in Brussels as the most important experience of Charlotte Brontë's life. M. Héger was responsible for her first novel, "The Professor," and for her last. He is to Charlotte's genius what Heathcliff is to Emily's.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Ludwig's Story of Jesus

The Son of Man: The Story of Jesus, by Emil Ludwig, translated by E. and C. Paul. New York: Boni and Liveright. 330 pages. $3.

READERS who expect the problem which has taxed the utmost skill of historical critics for more than a century to yield at once to the intuition of an avowed impressionist will be disappointed. Ludwig writes with as complete detachment from racial or religious prejudice as his distinguished fellow Jew, J. Klausner, but with less knowledge of the conditions of Judaism in the first Christian century. At least we should not expect Klausner to talk of training for the "priesthood" when he means the function of scribe, nor to treat a claim to be the Messiah as "blasphemy" under Jewish law. No more would modern scholars commit the anachronism of referring to Herod Philip as already dead when Salome danced before Antipas, or the geographical blunder of making Jesus cross Samaria (!) in order to pass from Nazareth to "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon." Neither Klausner nor G. F. Moore would be so unkind as to refer to Samaritans as "heathen."

Other interpreters of the life of the historical Jesus will think it a more serious defect to introduce modern conceptions in place of contemporary ideas. For the very title of the book is misleading to its author. "Son of Man," as Ludwig (and a considerable number of homiletic interpreters) understand the term, is a title of "humility." Driven by opposition and by dread of the Baptist's fate, Jesus in exile from Galilee becomes the fanatic which the Schweitzer school of interpreters have depicted him. In overweening self-confidence at Cæsarea Philippi, he drops this title of humility (!) and comes to regard himself as "Son of God." Precisely the reverse of this would represent the real significance of the much-debated titles. As Professor Easton well observes in an article entitled "Apostolic Christology": (Anglican Review, I, p. 378) "Originally the title 'Son of Man' meant even more than 'Son of God,' for it described the Messiah as a heavenly being." Ludwig's whole idea of a gradual decline into fanaticism on Jesus' part under the darkening shadow of the cross is a well meant but complete misjudgment, due to uncritical adoption of the later tradition (Synoptic and Johannine material being somewhat indiscriminately mixed), without a single mention of our only really ancient witness, Paul, or the slightest use of Paul's authentic and (relatively) contemporary letters. It is not true, even from the Synoptic point of view, discolored as it is by the apocalyptic hopes of 40-90 A.D., that Daniel was Jesus' "favorite teacher," or that he was saturated with the fantastic dreams of "Enoch." Had it been so, the cross would have been the end of his disciples' following instead of its rebirth. Believers will pardon, in one who truly attempts a just estimate of the Prophet of Nazareth, expressions such as "He glared at the strangers," with other strong depictions of hatred for opponents (the Gospels have the like); they may even overlook sentimental suggestions on page 141 and page 250 that Jesus "did not insist upon chastity," and intended to include Himself among those not "without sin" on this score in the incident of the woman taken in adultery. If such is Ludwig's estimate of the man and his standards, he should be allowed to say so. Believers will keep their own opinion.

But historians cannot be lenient in judgment without injustice to the truth. Here lies the fundamental defect of a book which with all its faults will be influential and

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widely read. It is not historical method to resort to the long-discredited processes of the harmonist on the assumption that a life of Christ can be elaborated by fitting together scraps from Mark and Matthew, with occasional resort (when the assumed development requires) to Luke and John. History cannot be written with disregard of all that a century of study has secured as to the sources, interrelation and special proclivities of the individual evangelists. This is not even the method Ludwig himself has made illustrious in the treatment of more recent historical figures. It has been his pride and boast not to depend on second-hand report, but to limit himself to first-hand documents. And in the case of Jesus, as we have seen, he limits himself absolutely to the secondary. He does not even discriminate between these to the extent that any modern historical critic would think indispensable. On page 139 he speaks of "John the womanly," borrowing from third or fourth-century tradition contrary to every representation of the New Testament, and introduces scraps from the fourth Gospel without any intimation of their non-historical intention. Characteristic of the pre-critical method of Paulus and the eighteenth-century rationalists is the treatment of miracle stories. The Gospels being assumed to convey first-hand report, it must be assumed that the drowning of the swine in the story of the Gadarene (Mark, Gerasene) demoniac was a real occurrence. They were few and their keepers careless. Other miracles disappear by similar slight exercise of the imagination. Mark relates that Jesus cursed a fig tree near Jerusalem early in April. Ludwig sees nothing to the purpose in the fact that Luke substitutes a different story, in which the fate of the fig tree is pronounced only as a parable of the fate of Jerusalem. No; to him the more probable explanation is that Jesus' mind, during the two days past, "has been so distracted from the happenings of ordinary life that he forgets the season of the year, forgets that Passover is still to come, and looks for figs on a tree that has but recently burst into leaf." Why, we ask, should the sanity of Jesus fall sacrifice to a medieval theory of the inerrancy of Mark? Is this historical method? Or is Ludwig himself here the victim of that stereotyped and uncritical assumption which long since among scholars reduced the methods of eighteenth-century rationalists and nineteenth-century harmonizers to ridicule?

We have been unsparing in criticism because the interests of vital truths demanded it. Let us not withhold praise for that which is well done. Some of the credit which belongs to Renan's sentimental, yet not unsympathetic "Life of Christ," should be accorded to Ludwig. For the religious teaching of Jesus he has real appreciation and sympathetic insight. As an impressionistic biographer, he wields a masterly pen. Had first-hand documents been here available we doubtless should have had from him one of those soul-studies of great men which have made him famous. In this case, the first-hand documents were lacking, and their place could only be supplied by such minute and careful documentary analysis and comparison as only the expert could supply. Ludwig is probably not altogether ignorant of these elaborate studies in the origin and interrelation of the Gospels, but he has chosen to leave them half-read, and to exercise his psychological imagination. It is a good imagination when it works on first-hand material. When the basis is unsifted tradition, the result only rises above the level of imaginative paraphrase by virtue of the writer's facile ingenuity.

B. W. Bacon.

Early and Late Thomas Mann

Children and Fools, by Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Herman George Scheffauer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE short stories here gathered together cover a period of nearly thirty years, the earliest having been written in 1897. As a result, they are doubly interesting; first, for themselves, and second, for what they show of Mann's development as a writer.

All of the stories, from the earliest to the latest, have at least one trait in common. None of them is concerned with plot; they are all studies in character. And the early pieces, with one or two exceptions, describe characters of an unusual kind. Little Herr Friedemann is a hunchback; Tobias Mindernickel has no living friend but a dog; Albrecht van der Qualen has been told by his doctors that he has only a few months to live. They are all people, that is, who are shut out from life in one way or another, and who are thrown inward upon themselves so that their reactions to experience are abnormal or perverse. As a result of choosing such people to write about, Mann obviously increases the difficulty of his task. For the more abnormal the characters of a story become, the more likely they are to be types rather than individuals. They tend to be "cases," with carefully marked symptoms, rather than living people.

And this is the trouble with Mann's early stories: though they are excellent pieces of craftsmanship, they smell too much of the hospital or the laboratory. Tobias Mindernickle, Albrecht van der Qualen, and the rest, are studied with a too scientific exactness; they are sealed in test-tubes, they do not quite breathe. Even in the best of these stories, "Little Louise"—a study in a most exquisite kind of cruelty—you feel that the subject is treated tightly and drily, with a kind of hyper-objectivity, which, even if it is perhaps necessary, is overdone. The victim sprawls in alcohol, he does not beat his wings in the air.

But no such criticism as this can be made of the first story in the book, "Disorder and Early Sorrow." This is the most recent of Mann's work to be translated (it was written in 1926), and it is far and away the best thing in the collection. It would be difficult to find anywhere outside of Chekhov so admirable a portrayal of atmosphere and tone. The plot is almost negligible; a party is given in a Professor's house, and the Professor's little daughter precociously falls in love with one of her elder brother's friends. That is all; but the circumstances around this incident, the characters of the Professor's family, the atmosphere of the party, are all so real, and are handled with so sure a touch, that when he has finished the story, the reader feels that he has had a valuable and moving experience. It is a beautiful piece of writing, and amply justifies the place Mann holds in contemporary literature. Particularly interesting is it when compared with the other stories here printed, for we find the same differences between them as between the early novel "Buddenbrooks," and the later "The Magic Mountain." "Buddenbrooks" is too much of a mere chronicle, the incidents too arbitrarily chosen and confined, whereas in "The Magic Mountain" the horizon is expanded to include so much of life that the work almost ceases to be a novel at all. So in "Disorder and Early Sorrow," it is a sense of expansion which most distinguishes it from the other stories, and which, combined with the reality and

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vividness of its characters, makes it the admirable work of art it is.

The translator, who is fairly competent through most of the book, makes a poor job of this story. Such words as "gracile," and phrases like "he must have been prepared for it, or more correctly, been ready for it," are an insult to so accomplished a stylist as Thomas Mann.

THEODORE SPENCER.

The Chaos of English Grammar

Crowell's Dictionary of English Grammar and Handbook of American Usage, by Maurice H. Weseen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 703 pages. $4.50.

THE French Academy, or, in practice, that portion of the Academy which is composed of writers, is a final tribunal in all matters affecting the language. This is a commendable arrangement, for it results in the submission of verbal and linguistic questions to judges who, after all, are men of letters and men of words. In this country, where there is no final tribunal, the language is in a state of mild chaos. Grammatical authorities differ on punctuation and the spelling of very simple words; they differ on the propriety of many constructions; they differ on the difference between English and American usage; and they cannot even agree on the terminology of their own subject.

These "authorities" who assume the functions of the French Academy are, for the most part, college professors of English. Now, without any wish to disparage professors or to question the value of their researches, we can say that this is a very unfortunate situation. Unless they are writers themselves, like Barrett Wendell, they can take only a professorial interest in their subject. "Grammarians," they announce, "are the guardians, not the authors, of language." Furthermore, they consider it their duty "to record the facts rather than to lay down arbitrary rules seeking to regulate or purify the language in accordance with some theory or ideal." Their interest in writing cannot be dynamic. These men, whom we should like to regard as prophets and teachers, think of themselves merely as recording instruments—as instruments to register and preserve the chaos of English grammar.

To their function as so expressed, they do not—indeed, they could not—always remain faithful. They make conscious or unconscious attempts to "purify" the language—that is, to restore it to some past condition, to immobilize it, to make it safe for research, like Greek or Latin. A fair example of this tendency is the rules they give in the case of *shall* and *will*. Now, the usage prescribed by these rules is not universal or even strictly correct; in reality it is merely dialectal. It is found in good New England writing, in bad New England writing, in good and bad New England speech, but almost nowhere else, except in those authors and professors who regard English as a dead language.

Ideally, the precepts of grammarians should be based on the practice of the best contemporary writers. In reality they are based partly on tradition, and partly on a reaction against the practice of the less intelligent students in freshman English. Such students are very careless in their use of *shall* and *will*. They are given to split infinitives and dangling participles, to sentences ending with prepositions, and to using *whose* with reference to things. As a result, all these constructions are severely condemned by our authorities—when, as a matter of fact, all of them are justified in a great number of cases.

I could prolong the discussion indefinitely by citing other specific rules. However, it is more important to emphasize the general effect of these rules on contemporary prose. English, which has an extraordinarily rich vocabulary, has probably a poorer syntax than any other European language. Our grammatical authorities are not unwilling to accept new words, but they almost invariably reject new constructions. The effect of their precepts, which should not be underestimated, has been to emphasize our verbal anarchy on the one hand, and our poverty of syntax on the other.

These remarks will serve to indicate the faults of the present work, which was written by an associate professor of English at the University of Nebraska. The principal virtues of the volume are simplicity and completeness. Giving a brief paragraph to each word or topic, and arranging them all in alphabetical order, Professor Weseen has produced a book which is simultaneously a guide to grammatical correctness, a dictionary of grammatical terms, a list of words and constructions to avoid, a compendium of current slang, and a stylebook of contemporary usage. His work should prove of great service to students, editors, proof-readers, and young writers—who should remember, however, that by splitting infinitives and letting the participles dangle, it is sometimes possible to effectively end an essay.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Lo, The Indian

My People, The Sioux, by Chief Standing Bear. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 288 pages. $4.

Memoirs of a White Crow Indian, as told by Thomas H. Marquis. New York: The Century Company. 365 pages. $3.

An-nik-a-del, The History of the Universe as told by the Indians of Northern California, edited by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. Boston: The Stratford Company. 160 pages. $2.

LO, the Indian, as presented in these three books, appears to be better able to speak for himself than to have others speak for him.

As far as we are concerned, Chief Standing Bear gets the prize. His is the autobiography of a full-blooded Sioux. He has written a plain story that carries more conviction than most books of its kind. There is an element of tragedy in the ground he covers. He went on only one buffalo hunt before he entered the Carlisle Indian School, at the age of eleven, where he was the first boy of the first class. The day of the tribe was drawing to a close. At school his hair was cut short, he was given the Christian name of Luther, was taught to wear store clothes, to read and write and use Arabic numerals, to play the B-flat cornet and, above all, to make good. You appreciate what a sincere pride he took in leading the school band when he was fourteen years old at the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, what a responsibility he felt in being the first Indian chosen to work in the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia, how he glowed when he took his first communion. Later he traveled with the Buffalo Bill show in England, shook hands with Edward VII, preached, taught school, conducted stores, ranched and even acted in the movies, all without losing a strong, simple identity.

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Two or three chapters on camp life and its complex ritual are hard to read. His minute description of how to erect a *tipi* is bewildering. The Indian games seem hardly worth the candle. But, on the whole, there is dignity to Standing Bear. He is touching without being mawkish. The publishers are to be congratulated on not refurbishing his syntax. It may not always be flawless but it leaves an honorable impression, which is more than can be said for the hasty little word of introduction by William S. Hart, the moving picture actor.

Mr. Marquis' book is a less interesting example of the same school. He has taken the reminiscences of Thomas H. Laforge, a white man who lived with the Crows off and on for more than sixty years, and "clothed them in suitable verbal dress." For many years Laforge was in charge of the Crow scouts used by the government in its campaigns against the Plains Indians. He married two Crow women, successively, and then two white women, also successively. For a short time he was married to two Crows simultaneously, which was perfectly correct according to Indian ethics; but the second wife was dispensed with because Laforge feared that the arrangement might not be to the liking of the government. He was a wanderer. He shows a taste for the gruesome which is not altogether convincing. Occasionally the rather stilted account is enlivened by humorous understatement.

Now we come to the scholars. Dr. Merriam has acted as amanuensis for Istet Woiche, speaker and keeper of the laws, history and chronology of the Modes'se or Pit River Indians. The comments of Dr. Merriam are limited to a brief preface and a few footnotes. Although slight, this contribution does not inspire confidence.

For example, in his preface he says that the rich mythology of the California tribes "is known to so few of our people that it is still the practice of American schools and universities to seek in foreign lands the myths with which to stimulate the imaginations of the upcoming generations." Does he really think that the first object in teaching mythology is to stimulate the imagination? Is he not overlooking the fact that the mythologies of Olympus and Eden and the fables of Æsop are taught because ignorance of them cuts off the "upcoming generations" from the roots of European culture? He seems to have forgotten that even the days of the week are named after deities who were comparatively unknown until a great cycle of operas was written about them; and that, since the appearance of the operas, a movement has started to teach the mythology of these gods to the young.

It is even more surprising to have to question the scientific truth of three of Dr. Merriam's footnotes. In one of the myths Al-le'-um, the Frog-woman, reaches forward and presses air together and jumps on it, thus precipitating herself far ahead of Ja'-mul the Coyote-man, with whom she is journeying. On this Dr. Merriam's comment is: "In view of the irresistible power of compressed air, as manifested by tornados, is it not natural that Indians should attribute to one of their deities the ability to so compress air that she might ride upon it? See also footnote 2, page 82." Turning to page 82, we find further reference to the havoc wrought by the "compressed air" of Tornados. Again on page 152 there is a note requesting the reader to turn back to page 82 if he is interested in the compressed air of tornados.

From 1917 to 1925, Dr. Merriam was chairman of the United States Geographic Board, but his knowledge of meteorology must be limited or else he would know that the great havoc wrought by tornados is caused by the opposite of compressed air. In fact, it is the partial vacuum caused by the rapidly revolving winds, thus creating an area of greatly reduced atmospheric pressure, which lifts the roofs off houses and makes their walls explode. This makes it a little difficult to place the Modes'se Indians in the same class with Lucretius, who is said to have foreshadowed the atomic theory in his "De Rerum Natura." As for the fables themselves, they are pleasant enough, but will hardly supplant Romulus and Remus. Without spite, it might be suggested that Dr. Merriam reread Æsop's account of the frog who burst when he tried to inflate himself to the size of a bull. The modest Indians are not threatened with this end.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Debonair, by G. B Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"THE MATRIARCH" sets a standard hard to maintain, and the inevitable comparison of subsequent works with it may be unfair to a good novel if not to a responsible artist. "Debonair" *is* a good novel, but not quite good enough for G. B. Stern to have written. It is one more story of tragic misunderstanding between successive generations—or, more accurately: a remarkable presentation of such a situation between mother and daughter distinguishes the book rather than the smart but sordid chronicle of the girl's success as a gold-digger, culminating in the capture of a rich young man. The scene in which mother and daughter grope for mutual understanding in an exchange of confidences is a consummate piece of artistry—sincere, sensitive and poignant. The balance of sympathy is held impartially between the generations up to this point, but now sinks under a weight of apprehension for the daughter's chivalry in self-exposure—the pathetic faith behind "her dream of being the first daughter in the world to be really honest with the first mother." Suspense becomes almost unbearable as the scene develops—the mother shyly and excitedly confessing the Great Adventure of her youth, the daughter breathless with expectant sympathy—then utterly bewildered by the empty innocence of the tale, and plunging pitifully into her own story, still trusting to the understanding that is simply shocked out of existence—frightened to death—by her revelation. It is a tragedy well-nigh intolerable in the reading, but effective enough in the writing to redeem an otherwise merely bright book.

D. B. W.

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